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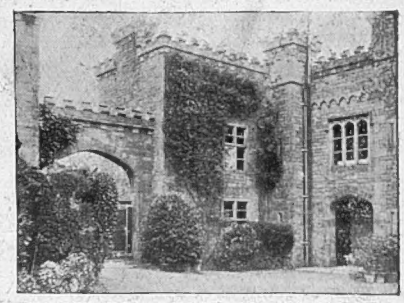

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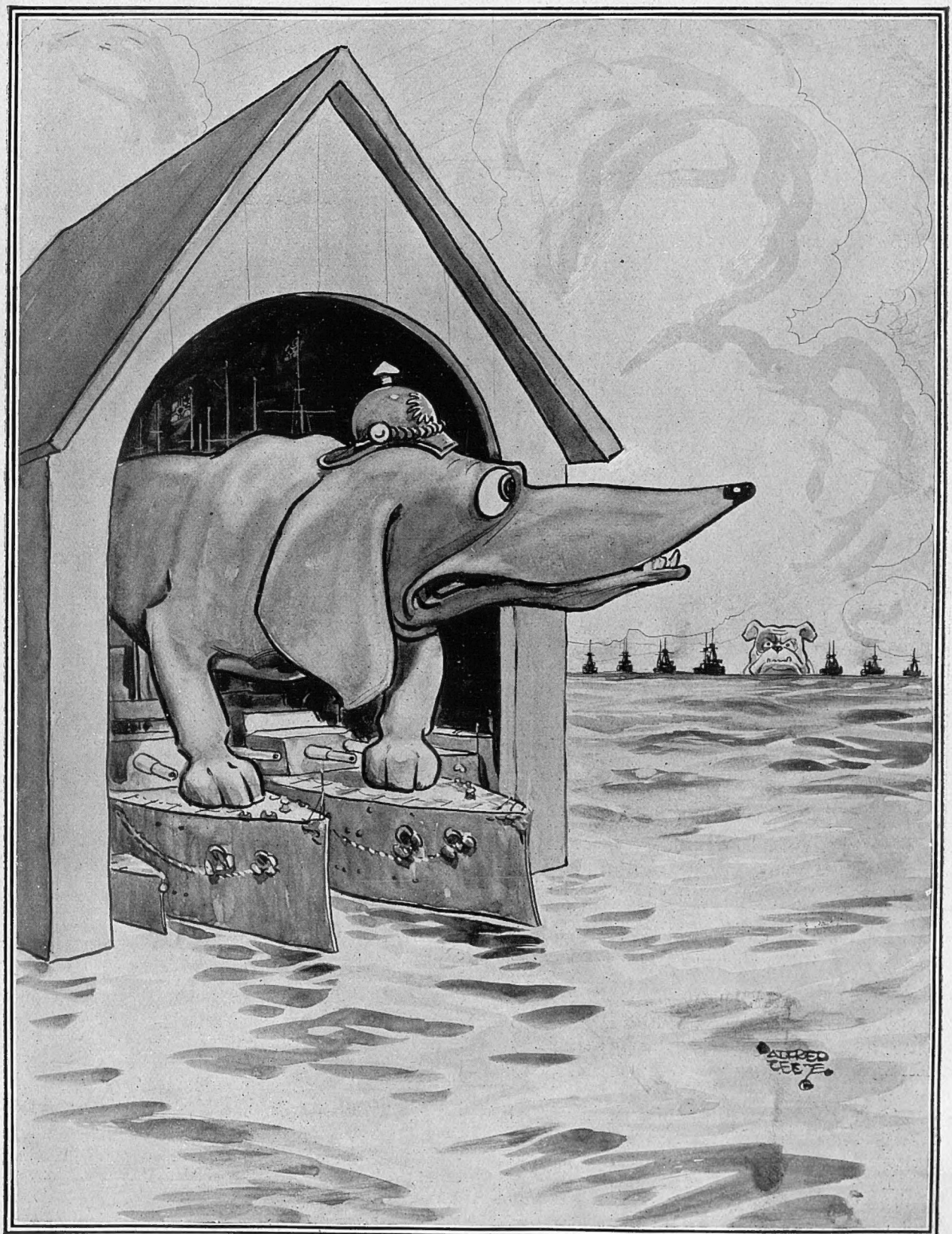
The BYSTANDER



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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

The Unsportsmanlike War

"In the days when warfare was chivalrously waged we had enemies with whom at Fontenoy we exchanged courteous words before firing. . . . Now we have before us unbridled savages."

I DON'T suppose the German people will be allowed to read this little remark of the French War Minister, and even if they were I don't suppose it would excite more from them than bibulous laughter. Germany, despite frantic efforts, has not yet grown to regard it as necessary to be thought, as the Briton loves to be, "sporting," and as to chivalry, we have examples in the ruins of Visé of how *Ritterlichkeit* is understood by the Lohengrins of modern Germany.

***

This war will be described in an infinite variety of ways. One of them occurs specially to THE BYSTANDER mind—that it is an *unsportsmanlike* war. One of the elements to sportsmanship is that you match yourself against an opponent of more or less equal strength, and that while doing your uttermost to beat him, you respect him. Before the contest, a compliment: during it, perhaps, a joke: after it, a handshake and an *au revoir*. That is what happened at Fontenoy a hundred and seventy years ago, and which has happened in every war save those in which the Germans have been engaged.

***

In war with the Germans, sportsmanship is the one thing you'll find lacking, for the reason that the Prussian, being what he is, goes out to war with opponents whom he has been careful one and all to belittle, to despise. In the present contest we know that the French are "effeminate"; the British are regarded as effete and impotent; the Russians are barbarians; the Belgians (or Dutch or Danes) are worst of all—they are small. Whomsoever a German decides to fight he despises with all his might; to do that is regarded in High Quarters as psychologically necessary to victory.

***

If High Quarters had any true wisdom, they would realise that this is the one thing that is their undoing. For to be conquered by Prussia is not to be conquered. A nation that is jeered at in the moment of its defeat is a nation that will never rest happy until it has had its revenge, and every nation conquered by the Germans is despised by them. That Britain holds, and will hold, her India, her Egypt, her South Africa, is due to the fact that, once subdued, Britain invariably extends to the vanquished the honours of war. This Germany never does, never will, and never can do. German rule is not excessively harsh; why, therefore, is it that no nationality rests happy under it? Why are Alsace, Schleswig-Holstein, Posen, one and all silently praying for the day of the departure of the Germans? Because they have been made to feel that they are conquered races. Why is the whole of Europe, actively or passively, in arms against Germany to-day? Because the whole of Europe knows that German victory is never a sporting victory; it is the "doing down" of the vanquished.

***

Germany fights not only to add territories and to claim indemnities. Those are legitimate enough objects of warfare. She fights that she may assert the top-dogginess of Germany. She fights that she may have her jack-boots kissed. Imagine what would be the state of sport in England to-day if the man who gave you a licking at golf, or tennis, or boxing, were ever after to regard you, and to speak of you, as his inferior! Yet that is what Germany will certainly do, if she has the good luck to defeat her present enemies. To be defeated by Germany is, to any self-respecting people, to be defiled. She is the type of burglar who is not content with taking your goods and chattels: she must also make your burgled home hateful to you for the presence of an immovable stench. She is not a clean criminal.

***

As I read the accounts of the entry into Brussels, no particular harm was done materially to the citizens, save the filching from them of the eight million. But does Germany suppose the occasional leaving undone of cruel things is going to make the Belgian desire for revenge any the less fierce? Does she not know that the tying of the Belgian flag to the horses' tails, the supercilious jeers at their King, the singing of ribald songs, is more hateful to the memory than the burning of a house? You can rebuild the one: you cannot obliterate the other. "They sneered at us," will the Belgians say: and how infinitely worse morally is that than for it to be said merely that they shot at us.

***

If one were to try to prophecy the ultimate outcome of the present war, one would be safe in saying that it will be German defeat—yes, even if Germany

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (concluded)

beats one and all of her present foes, east and west. Why? Just this—because Germany can ravish, but she can never woo; she can be just, but never fair. Her presence in an alien country is never the presence of a Principle, only of the Prussian. She brings with her no privileges—no *civis Romanus* as did the Cæsars, no Code Napoleon as did the First Emperor, no *Pax Britannica* as does John Bull—only the black eagle and the jack-boot, symbols of race suppression. As the German army has its limits, it is safe to say that though she may conquer she never can hold, for the souls of the peoples she crushes always go marching on, and souls, in the long run, always get there. To the "conquered" nation Prussia takes nothing save just Prussia. No higher civilisation is hers, only an incalculably lower—a civilisation which is based on the principle of brute force.

***

Power, power, power; that is all that matters to Prussia. Let us crush you, you rat of a Belgian, you frog of a Frenchman, you louse of a Pole, you beetle of a Briton, you worm of a Dane, crush you under our jack-boot. We are Prussians: we come from Brandenburg. We seriously believe, and our Kaiser is certain, that we are the salt of the earth. Why? God knows. We have a wonderful army, haven't we? And in Prussian cities, workmen are registered, labelled and numbered, children musn't play on park grasses, and you mayn't drop tram-tickets in the road. True, that doesn't give us any really moral claim to destroy other nations, but you see, as Nietzsche has taught us, the "weak and helpless must go to the wall" even if they are only a little "weaker" in the number of jack-booted swankers. There are made in Germany more automatic soldiers than in England. Therefore, down into the dust with us! Since the world began, no conqueror has rested his claim to dominion on a flimsier foundation.

"But 'twas an Infamous Victory"

SOMEBODY'S HOME

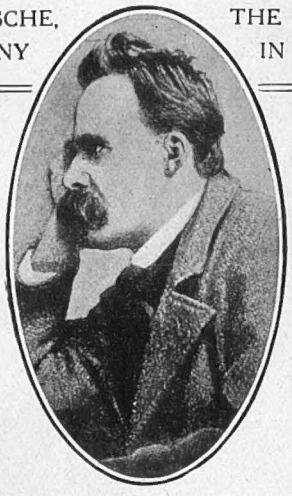
Photographs *Topical*

SOMEBODY'S SONS

The price paid by Belgium for defending her neutrality against the Power that was one of its solemn guarantors

NIETZSCHISMS

OR APHORISMS OF NIETZSCHE, THE PHILOSOPHER WHO HAS INFLUENCED MODERN GERMANY IN ITS LUST FOR WORLD-POWER



NIETZSCHE
Born 1844—Died 1900

IT is the custom to attribute the present state of the Prussian mind, and its lust for world-dominion, to the philosophy of Nietzsche, who, in "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and other works, laid down the doctrine of the Superman—the triumph of strength and will over all other considerations, chief among them religion, morals, and sentiment. To help those of our readers who have been too busy amusing themselves to be able to read Nietzsche at length, we append below a few of his aphorisms, in the hope that they will create a better understanding of the enemy's psychology.

A living thing seeks, above all, to discharge its strength—life itself is Will to Power.

. . . . . .

It is the business of the very few to be independent; it is a privilege of the strong.

. . . . . .

What is good? Everything that increases the feeling of power, the will to power, power itself, in man. What is bad? All that proceeds from weakness.

. . . . . .

The weak and helpless must go to the wall: first principle of our love for humanity. And we shall help them to go.

. . . . . .

We Northerners undoubtedly derive our origin from barbarous races, even as regards our talents for religion—we have poor talents for it.

. . . . . .

Help thyself, then everyone will help thee. A principle of neighbour-love.

. . . . . .

Pangs of conscience are indecent.

. . . . . .

Morality must be shot at.

. . . . . .

Our love of our neighbour,—is it not a striving after new property?

. . . . . .

We deny God, we deny responsibility in God; thus alone do we save the world.

. . . . . .

Militarily established civilisation still stands high above all so-called industrial civilisation; the latter, in its present form, is in general the meanest mode of existence that has ever been.

. . . . . .

It is all up with man when he becomes altruistic.

. . . . . .

Liberalism: or, in plain English, the transforma[illegible] mankind into cattle.

The nations which were worth anything, the nations which got to be worth anything, never attained to that condition under liberal institutions.

. . . . . .

Democracy has always been the death-agony of the power of organisation; modern democracy is a decaying form of the state.

. . . . . .

A man loses power when he pities.

. . . . . .

No conqueror believes in chance.

. . . . . .

One does not attack a person merely to hurt and conquer him, but perhaps merely to become conscious of one's own strength.

. . . . . .

Throwing ourselves into the midst of our enemies may be a sign of cowardice.

. . . . . .

Of all that is written, saith Zarathustra, I love only what a person hath written with his blood. Write with blood, and thou wilt find that blood is spirit.

. . . . . .

Against war it may be said that it makes the victor stupid and the vanquished revengeful. In favour of war it may be said that it barbarises in both its above-named results, and thereby makes more natural. It is the sleep or the winter-period of culture: man emerges from it with greater strength for good and for evil.

"THE BYSTANDER" CASUALTY LIST

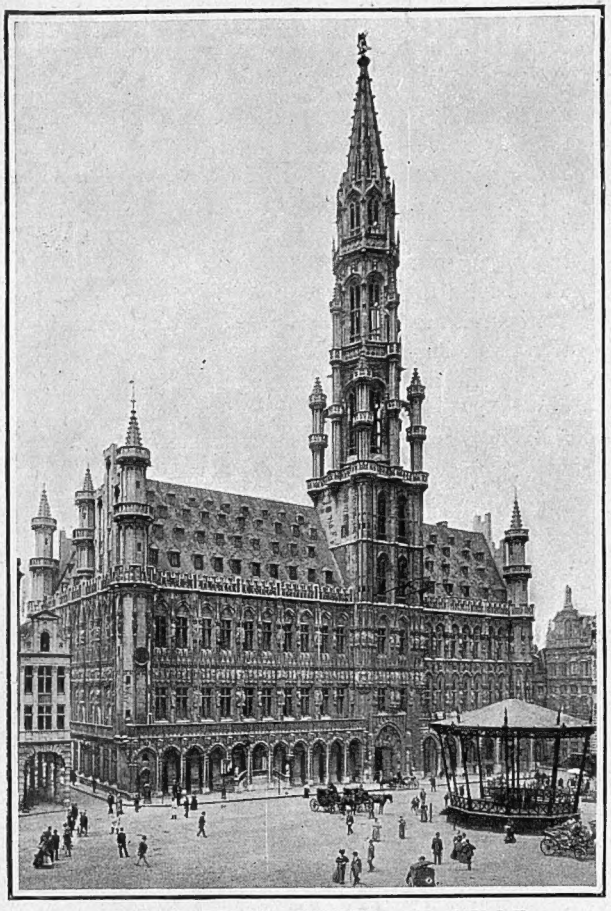
Or Topics the War Prevents Us from Discussing

Society Scandal
Golf Tournaments
Strikes
Murders
Regattas
The Irish Question
The Holiday Spirit
The Silly Season
Country House Parties
Futurist Fashions
Lloyd George and the Land
Prize Fighting
London's Night Life
Party Politics
Russian Dancers
Militant Suffragettes
Lawn Tennis Championships
Fancy Dress Balls
Race Meetings
King Alfonso's Sunny Smile
Flying Trains
The Mexican Crisis
Harry Thaw
The Tango
The Maxixe
Ragtime
The Revue
Mr. G. B. Shaw
"Down with the Army"
The Censor (Literary and Dramatic)
Lord Murray of Elibank
"*Blast.*"

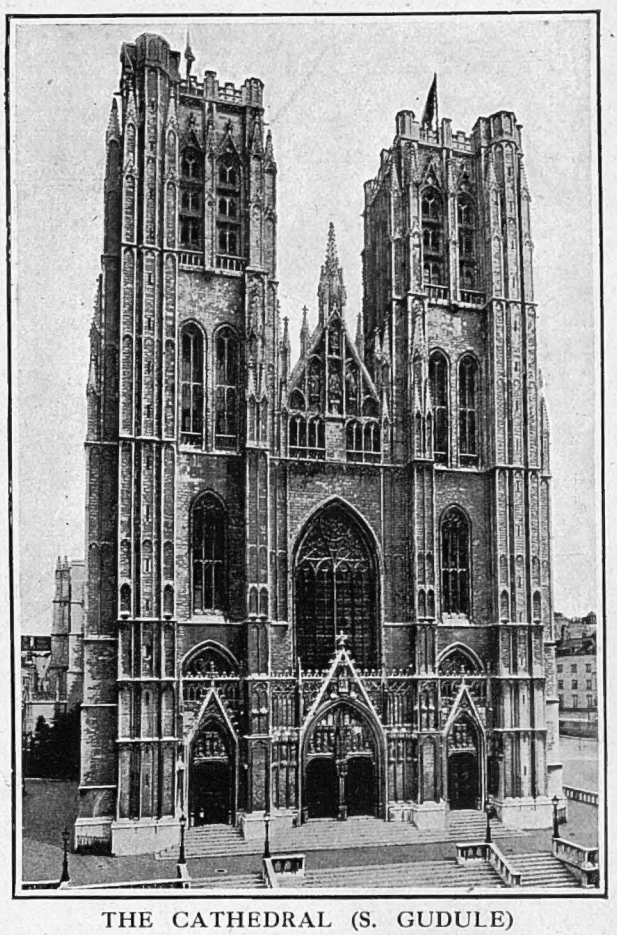
[*There are hundreds more.*]

Three Beautiful Reasons

WHY THE BELGIANS LEFT THEIR CAPITAL UNDEFENDED



THE FAMOUS HOTEL DE VILLE



THE CATHEDRAL (S. GUDULE)

Photographs *Photochrom*

THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE

The Belgians were well advised, in every way, in refraining from the defence of Brussels, which would have exposed one of the most beautiful cities of Europe to destruction at the hands of the modern Huns. Had anything happened to either of the three buildings above shown, the world would never have forgiven the destroyers

What Now and What Next?

THE STRATEGIC SITUATION AT THE BEGINNING OF THE FOURTH WEEK

DEFENCELESS Brussels has fallen, and Germany has made her first demand for blood money from unfortunate Belgium, whose people she has slaughtered and whose lands she has laid waste. This is the glorious war of the gentle Germans! Their cavalry have ridden rough-shod over the violated land, spreading wanton destruction far beyond the necessary zone of war.

But never did a race pay fuller price for their crimes than the reckoning which Destiny is now piling up against the Prussians. To take in Brussels on the way to the French frontier the Germans have incurred risks against which the eight million levy will count little.

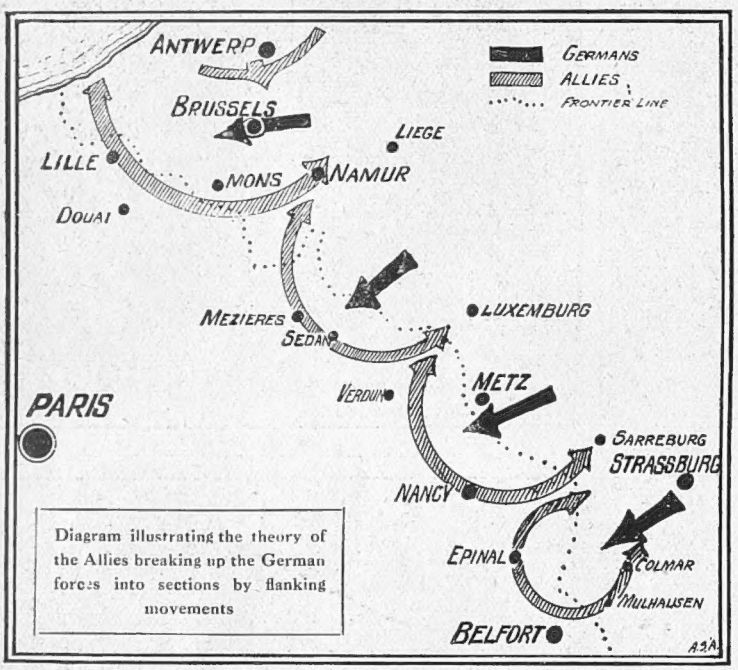


Diagram illustrating the theory of the Allies breaking up the German forces into sections by flanking movements

Before this time Germany should have been fighting out her great turning movement on French soil west of Namur. But now from Namur to Dunkirk lies an allied army of the French and certain others who will take a good deal of "hacking through" ere Germany begins her chief plan, which is to get round the French lines running from Maubeuge to Belfort.

The situation is very critical for the Germans. They are advancing with their centre near Waterloo, and with the object of getting into France without more delay, for Russia is already making herself felt on the other side of Berlin.

Facing the German line is a great allied army. On Germany's left flank is Namur, with its forts, from which two lines of French stretch out to support the front army. And on the right of the Germans is the stro[illegible]old of Antwerp, with the main Belgian army under [illegible].

So[illegible] between the rectangle made by Oude[illegible] mur, Maubeuge, and Lille the great fight north of the Meuse will be made, and unless the Germans are completely successful in their frontal attack their danger is great. It may be a death-trap for them.

If they are repulsed in front and put into confusion down will swoop the avenging Belgians from the north, and from Namur in the south the Allies will sally in flanking movements which should smash the enemy. If this plan works out it will be a magnificent stroke.

The second point of danger for France lies near Longwy, further south, as an overwhelming German force may develop the movement from Luxemburg and drive the French back on Verdun. Most of the British military critics have not given sufficient attention to the importance of Luxemburg, and yet between this centre and Metz the Germans have pushed the only force which already has gained a footing on French soil. But even if the Germans succeed here and move upon Mezières they are exposed to flank attacks on each side from the Allies.

Supported from Verdun is the first part of the French counter attack moving in on Metz from the south. This is part of a brilliant French offensive movement between Metz and Strassburg, the idea being to isolate these two gates to Germany. The advance in Alsace has been very satisfactory, and the French have gained important positions.

So strong is the German position, however, between Metz and Strassburg that progress will be very dearly bought, and until something decisive is done in the north nothing really great may be attempted here. But we may expect that when the Allies are winning at Lille there will be a strong sympathetic movement in the south to increase the German discomfiture.

Generally the situation is very favourable. The fall of Brussels caused needless alarm. The Allies might have fought a battle in front of it, but it would have been a very dangerous undertaking, and would have played into Germany's hands. As it is we must prepare for very hard knocks, and the enemy is now strong enough to deliver terrific attacks.

The decisive battle north of the Meuse must be fought as close to France as possible and as late as possible. By the first of these two conditions the Allies will be able to deliver the more smashing blow; and, on the other hand, leave the main French flank lines in safety, even if retreat be necessary. Also, by withdrawing beyond Brussels the Allies develop the two flanks at Antwerp and Namur in a fashion which will make a frontal defeat for Germany disastrous.

Finally, every day of delay brings us nearer to the time when Germany, pressed by Russia, will have to withdraw troops from the attack on France. We are approaching the most dramatic moment of this appalling tragedy. Soon England will be put to the test, but we are confident that Germany, before many weeks are over, will meet *her* Waterloo.

What Manner of Man is He?

THE GERMAN SOLDIER IN ACTUAL REALITY

(Photographed in the courtyard of the prison at Bruges)

The unknown factor in the present war, for years the Governments have written him down as posses ..ll the military gifts and virtues—peerless discipline and indomitable courage. What is he in reality? On ..epends the whole issue of the war. If he is all his iron masters say he is, then victory may ultimately be his ..e is not —well, perhaps, it will not be the fault of the man but only of the machine. Anyway, we hope to w.. ..me him in the same hospitable fashion and in as large numbers as he likes, to our own comfortable prisons

How Long Will the War Last?

BY "DOWNWRITER"

THE question everybody is asking is, "How long will the war last?" Naturally enough, we just want to know. First, of course, on patriotic grounds, then on personal ones. How long shall we have to keep up this new standard of low diet and high purpose? How long before we shall once again be able conscientiously to smoke a cigar or to sip a glass of Bollinger, and to ask what's going to win the Timbuctoo Cup?

The military experts are cautious. That's their job after the horrible mess they made of their Balkan War prophecies. Their columns are Duke of York's columns—they lead you up to the top of the hill of hope only to take you down again into the valley of doubt. It all depends, says one, shaking his head. Time will show, says another, wagging his finger. None of them has the frank honesty to say "Damfino" and have done with it.

Yet "Damfino" is no end of a good line for the nation to take up at the present juncture. Wise and stupid, high and low, rich and poor, all are united by the Bond of Ignorance, into a great new community—the Damfinocracy! However much we may pretend, no one of us really knows what the morrow may bring forth.

We don't know how long the war will last, and let's all go down the Strand on that. We *hope* the Franco-Anglo-Belgians (the FABS for short) will knock William on the Waterloo Road. We *hope*, while we're all doing this, that the Russians, having made Appenrodt sausages out of whatever Austrians may have been left alive by the Serbo-Croat-Czech-Poles, will be sitting down in Berlin City awaiting his return. Lest any Germans or Austrians may be left in other parts of Europe, we *hope* they'll be disposed of properly by Italians, Swiss and Dutch; in Asia England expects every Jap to do his duty. In Australia and Africa the natives may be relied on to do their worst. We have no doubt as to the soundness of heart of America, and as to Antarctica—well, if Sir Ernest Shackleton *should* encounter any kind of German, we trust him to eat him up and bother the consequences.

We hope all these things. If the German, after various engagements, prefers peace to pieces, we hope we shall give him the Pax Britannica—a peace which will depose the Hohenzollerns and leave the Austro-Germans to federate themselves under a Bavarian King into a nice, new, cosy, wool-making, beer-drinking, chess-playing, pipe-smoking, smock-wearing country with Alt Nürnberg as its capital, whither we shall all flock at holiday time to listen to Wagner. We hope her rôle among the nations will be a sausage-rôle (I'm sorry, really!). We hope that the only trace of Prussia will be in the State-protected-and-to-strangers-entrance-forbidden military-museum-city of Berlin.

We hope the result of the war will be the United States of Europe, all of us, Germans included, being rolled together in a new *entente cordiale*, keeping up an army and navy between us only as a precaution against some Yellow, Black, Red, Mauve, Pink, or Purple Peril. Having spent so much of our spare time ruining each other's looks, we hope to spend the rest of it looking at each other's ruins. We hope all sorts of things. But, I repeat, we are certain of nothing.

And as the effect on a man who, having hoped for everything, suddenly finds he has got nothing at all except perhaps a clout across the head, is horrible, it would be an admirable thing if we guarded against it by being certain of nothing. While prepared, however, for the worst—may I say the Frankfürter-wurst?—let us avoid assuming it. Let us get ourselves into an attitude of knowing nothing, of taking just as it comes each phase of the great invisible, incalculable movement that is going on behind the mist. Let us hope that the best will happen, but if not, let us, at all events, see that out of the wreckage of European hopes we do, at all events, preserve our national selves. If conquered, let's not be! Let them, if they can, come here, and let them stay if they like, taking good care that they shan't. While prepared for everything, be sure of nothing. Be as ignorant of what may come to-morrow as the military experts, only be as honest as they aren't, and when you don't know, say so.

LET'S SHOOT BURGLARS!

I make this proposal to the Government—that while the war lasts the British householder should be licensed to shoot any person found uninvited on his premises.

It is a fact that, during the last month, these miscreants have been even more than usually active.

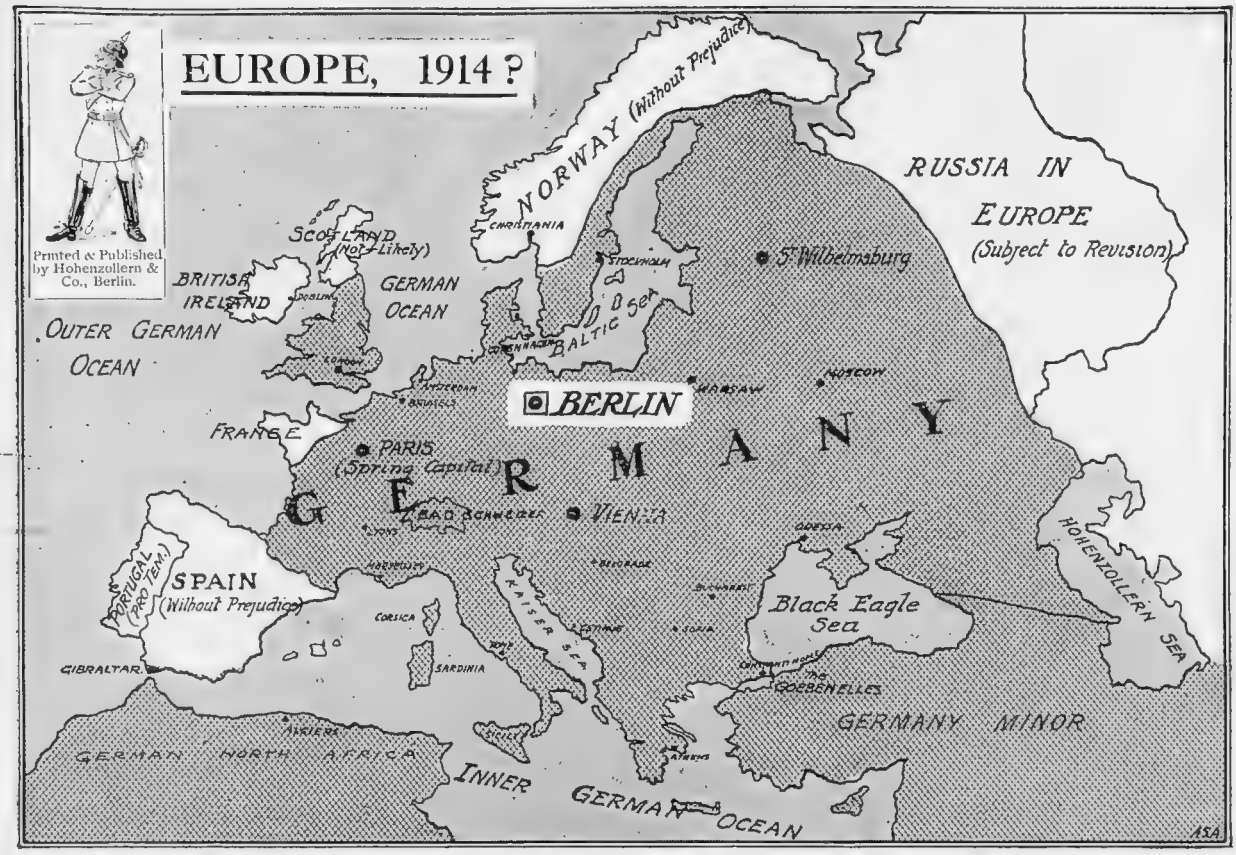
They have availed themselves of the absence not only of householders on holiday, but in the service of their country.

Their activities have the effect of drawing off the attention of the police from the detection of spies and other enemies within our gates.

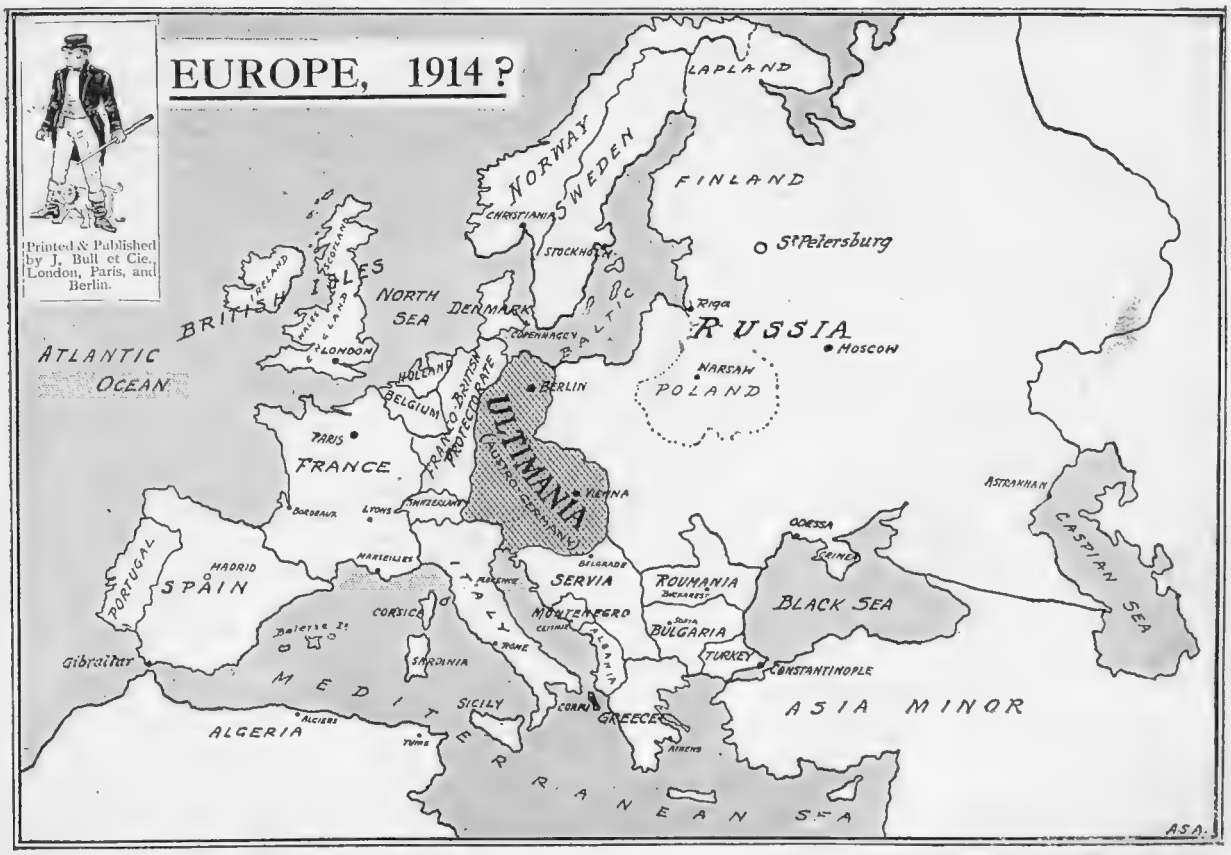
There is no more despicable type of creature living than he who takes advantage of his countrymen's preoccupations to prey upon their homes and their little belongings. Let the Government give the permission to shoot the burglar. DOWNWRITER

Which Will It Be?

TWO RIVAL DESIGNS FOR THE MAP OF EUROPE



No. 1.—A NEW MAP OF EUROPE AS PROBABLY ALREADY DESIGNED BY THE HOHENZOLLERN MAP SPECIALIST IN BERLIN



No. 2.—AN ALTERNATIVE DESIGN WHICH MAY POSSIBLY BE CARRIED OUT ALSO IN BERLIN—BUT BY ANOTHER FIRM

Muori—e Vedi Venezia: The Passing of Pope Pius

Captive of the Vatican, released at last !
As into peace from a world at war thou'rt passed
Through thy beloved Venice may he steer
In a golden bark, thy heaven-sent gondolier.

[*It was the tragedy of the Papacy of the late Pope Pius X. that he would never again in life be able to see his beloved Venice of which he was formerly Archbishop*]

Duck the Pro-Germans !

BY THE BYSTANDER FROM BERLIN

DUCK the pro-Germans ! That was the Berlin Bystander's first contribution to war talk when he set foot in London. He was frightened. He expected to find his England seething in anti-German fury, and found it supine, a willing prey to pro-Germanism of a menacing, ruinous kind.

***

The aim of the pro-Germans is to delude, fool, dazzle the incompetent public into believing that it is going to have an easy time. To delude, fool, and dazzle it into relaxing its efforts, into discounting ungained victories, into imagining the foe to be defeated almost before he has begun. That is pro-Germanism.

***

The Berlin Bystander crossed the German-Dutch frontier at Oldenzahl one week after Russia and Germany were at war, and two and a half days after Sir Edward Goschen demanded his passports. Therefore the Berlin Bystander knows. He declares this : Germany is out for fighting. Her people are in a martial, manly, desperate spirit. They are as one man. Her Pacifist Socialism expired on the Tuesday of the British ultimatum when the Berlin Bystander sat in the Reichstag, and heard " Comrade " Haase announcing that the Reds, too, would vote unanimously for the £250,000,000 War Credit.

***

The German Army is good ; there is enough plain food ; enough money ; a good civil administration ; intrepid men ; and enduring women. That is enough for war.

Now, what is happening in England ? Our Yellow and Cream (there is no longer a White) Press is in pro-German hands. It conspires to give Germany victory. By fooling England. Fooling it with Optimism. Sport, and Romance instead of War. *Sportisch-romantisch* as the German Chancellor called us.

***

Realise the facts ! When the Berlin Bystander reached England Germany's mobilisation was not complete ; none of the other belligerents were half mobilised. No army had a fifth of its forces in the field. The war had not begun. There were fourth-rate fights round Liège. Emmich had not captured Liège by *coup de main*—nobody could so capture a modern fortress. In fact, nothing had happened. Yet already our pro-German Press was discounting the end of the war.

***

Look at their headlines ; and " News." " German Bubble Burst," " Germans in Flight," " Rout of Germans," " Women Rout Germans," " Kaiser's Miscalculations." Is that not *sportisch-romantisch ?* And the " News " ! " The Kaiser is Mad." I wish he would bite our pro-Germans. " German Soldiers Show No Enthusiasm ! " " They Seek Chances to Surrender ! " " They are Hungry and Starving ! " " They Don't Know What They're Fighting About ! " " They are Frightfully Ignorant." " Of a whole batch of German prisoners, only one, a sergeant, knew he was in Belgium ; all the rest thought they were fighting Bulgarians ! "

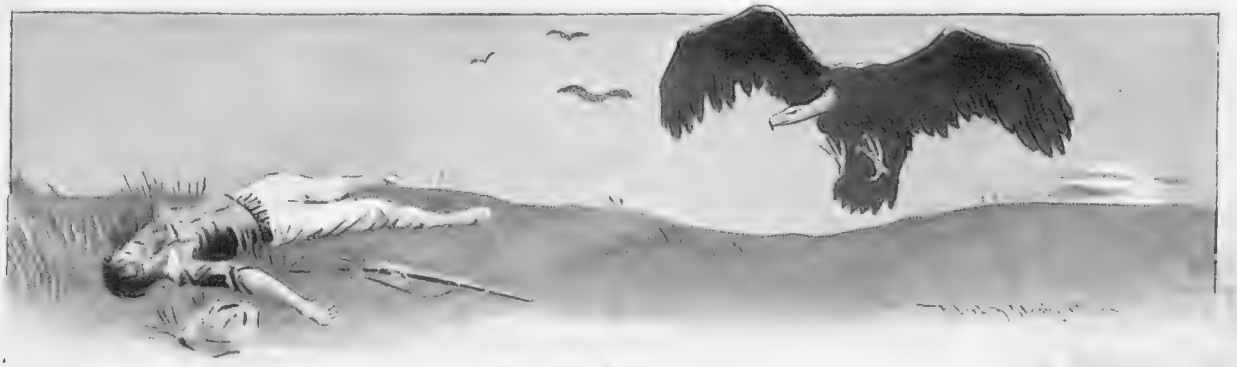
That is pro-Germanism. Now let every sound English patriot, before proceeding to duck the pro-Germans, look up a file of newspapers of October, 1899. He will find precisely all these lies told about the Boers. Before the Black Week. He will find that the first Boer prisoners " did not want to fight " ; " did not know what they were fighting about " ; remarked " Why should we fight for Oom Paul ?" " sought chances to surrender " ; and were so ignorant that they thought they were fighting Spaniards.

***

The patriot Englishmen, intent on ducking, will also find that then every New-York-Judo-Englishman knew all about " Kruger's Miscarried Plans." He will find, in fact, that every symptom of Press idiocy visible to-day was visible fifteen years ago. Though not in such vicious form. We had then some sane newspapers.

***

Such is pro-Germanism. No doubt Germany will be beaten. But she will be beaten by numbers and money, perhaps by military skill, and not either by pro-German lies or by " the mad Kaiser's miscalculations," " lack of enthusiasm," or an ignorance which turns Belgians into Bulgars. Anyone who believes the contrary is a fool and a pro-German. There are two ways of dealing with such pro-Germans. One way is the Censor's. Let the Censor stop optimistic lies about the Enemy being already beaten, as he will stop pessimistic lies about defeats of our friends. The former lie is a hundredfold more dangerous. The other way is to duck the pro-Germans.



THE ONE WHO PROFITS

BELLI

BY

THE CONTINENTAL "SIDNEY STREET"

It may give a homelike feeling to the gentle German when he does invade these shores to know that the barbed wire entanglements which will greet him and the searchlights which will play on him in the vicinity of our forts and harbours were made in Germany.

* * *

The sky came over very dark and murky one day last week. We tried to quieten a lady relative who is nervous of thunderstorms with the remark that it was only the Censorship. But it was of no avail.

* * *

OVERHEARD: (1) IN THE STREET

"'Ungarian, yer call yerself. Well, blow'd if I know whether to 'ug yer to me bloomin' bosom or to swipe yer across the jaw."

(2) IN AN APARTMENT HOUSE

LODGER: "Ah! Good! The German musician in the next room will have to go at last."

LANDLADY: "No, sir. But 'is pianny is stuffed that full of ammunition that 'e won't be able to make a sound."

* * *

"Ton Jo" (M. Caillaux) is with his regiment, and has been already promoted to officer rank. It is understood that, if the enemy gets particularly active, Mme. Caillaux is ready at once to go to the front—of wherever her husband may be.

* * *

It is being pointed out that Germans are now hated by every nation in Europe save one—themselves. But why except even them? Germans respect Germans, perhaps: fear them, even. But why impute to them the odious taste of liking them?

* * *

It is good to hear that Col. Seely is at the front. However much it may seem to do so, *his* regiment will never really retire.

* * *

Without being an extreme optimist, I am not quite so despondent about the war prospects as are most of the women with whom I come into contact. To judge by their activities, the number of British wounded who will be in need of woollen helmets and art muslin handkerchiefs will exceed the strength of our entire forces by land and sea.

* * *

Judging by the output of our village in the matter of night-caps, the casualties at Liège will pale into insignificance before those which are expected to follow the battle of Little Peddlecombe.

* * *

"Namur," writes a correspondent, "is a town well named. For isn't it synonymous with 'Ne'er more' or 'Never Again,' the popular national motto for this war." Help!

* * *

SIR JOHN "FRENCH"
BY ALICK P. F. RITCHIE

FOR GERMAN READERS

[The following war news has been obtained with great difficulty from German sources, and it is only fair to say that the British Press Bureau cannot confirm it.]

FROM THE "LOKALANZLIAR," *August* 20.—There is no truth in the absurd story that a British Expeditionary Force has landed in France. A few troopships attempted to leave Southampton, but were sunk by the small excursion steamer, *Königin Luise*, which also accounted for two British cruisers. The report that the *Königin Luise* had herself been sunk is now definitely stated to be untrue.

FROM "DIE TÄGLICHE LÜGE," *August* 22.—Our glorious army is now within two and a half miles of Paris. Our casualties so far have only been 27 killed and 43 wounded. As for the

COSITIES

"JINGO"

so-called Allied Armies, it would be probably easier to count the survivors. The Kaiser expects to enter Paris at 3.15 (Berlin time) to-morrow at the head of the greatest army the world has ever seen. Our splendid soldiers are now singing "Deutschland Über Allies!"

FROM "DER BERLINER BETRÜGER," *August 23.*—Last night the German submarine U34 steamed at full speed up the Thames and blew up the suspension bridge at Hammerschmidt. This difficult and dangerous feat, which, of course, effectually prevents the passage of any British troops to the coast, reflects the greatest credit on our splendid navy. The U34, though repeatedly fired on by the National Reserve, made her way safely back to Kiel, and is reported to have sunk the British cruiser *Warrior* on her way.

* * *

WAR JOTTINGS

WAR maps of different sizes and various prices are being shown in many of the stationers' shops in London.

GERMANY'S mercantile marine is said to be not nearly so big as it was before war was declared.

A CORRESPONDENT points out that by a happy coincidence the Commander of our Expeditionary Force in France is named "French."

Cows in the Wye Valley are giving their milk just as if nothing had happened.

A MAN named Rosenbaum, who was seen to be cutting telegraph wires near Woking, has fallen under the suspicion of the police.

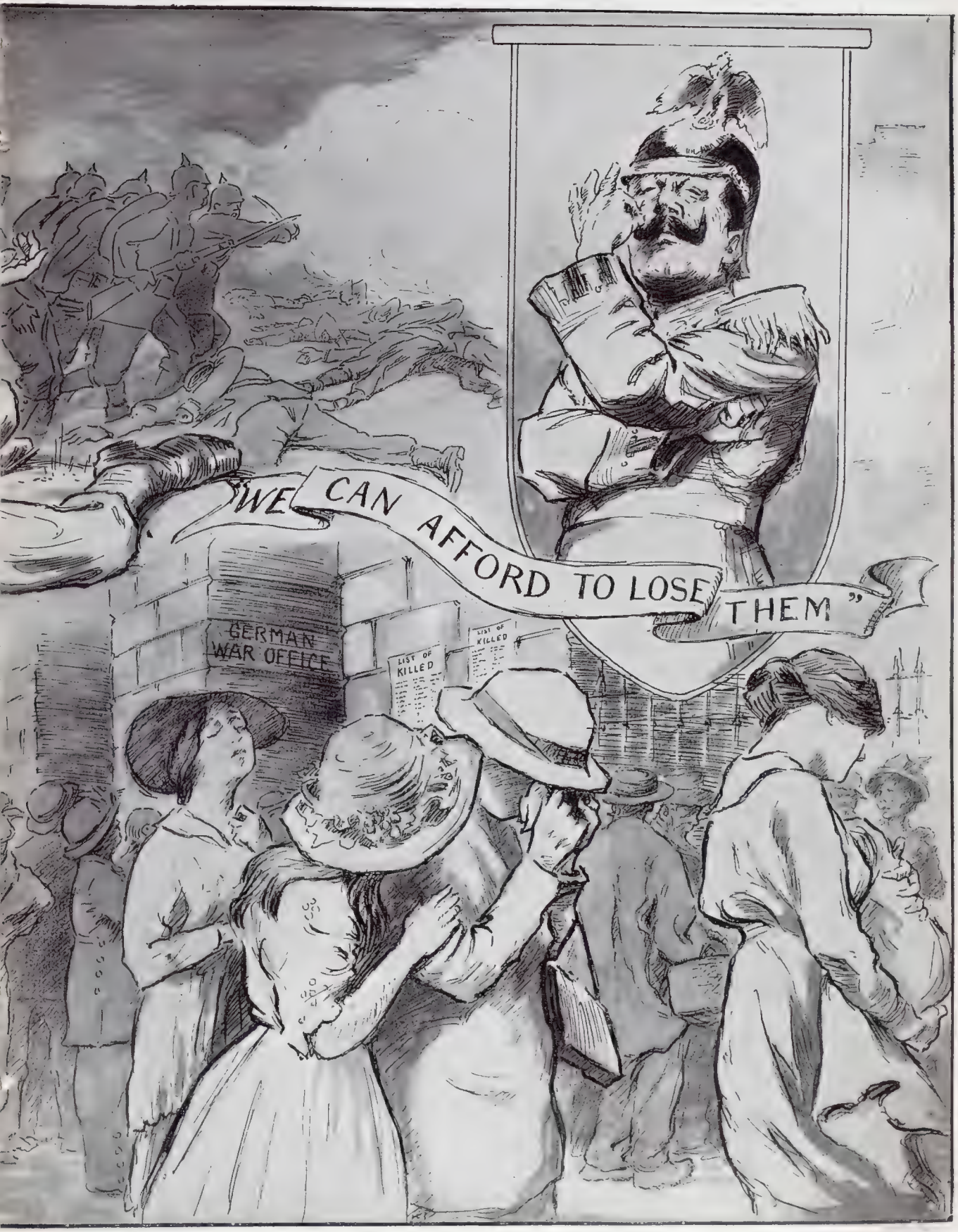
A PUTNEY lady has already made three nightshirts and a pair of socks for the troops.

GIVING HIM HIS PLACE IN THE SUN

"Close F

A ... of the earliest battles of the war has been the enormous loss of German life, which ... the "close formation" of the troops. On the occasion of some German manœuvres ... before the war, the Kaiser invited the opinion of Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton on

ormation"



this system. "Does it not needlessly risk a lot of lives?" suggested the Englishman. "We can afford to lose them," replied the Kaiser with a sweep of the hand. Our carto silent commentary on the dictum, which we trust will duly find its wa

BY

He Also Serves!

Photograph *Habberton Lulham*

Not all by battlefield or wave
His Country's shield can hope to stand;
He serves no less who toils to save
The harvest for his native land

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Devil's Call-Boy

BY GUY LYLE

SNOWE lay under canvas for the first time in his life. He was thirty-eight, and he realised dismally that that was too old to have begun something new. Soldiering he had always imagined was a pursuit which anyone could take up any time when a national emergency appealed to an individual's love for the picturesque. So it happened that this wretched and wholly disillusioned Snowe, a two days' subaltern in the Terriors, lay in his tent aching in every limb. Anguish began with his feet and possessed the length of him and the breadth of him, even to his head. Every bone had its pain. He who had lived hitherto in taxis had marched immeasurable distances. He had not done so really, but he was new to foot-slogging, and believed that he had. And he had carried immense burdens in one shape and another instead of the dainty little swagger stick which he had fancied would be his only encumbrance. Soldiering was the devil, thought Snowe, and his sense of pride in himself for having pulled himself together to "do something" at last died miserably.

And he had made a pitiful mess of the last two days. The very remembrance of them was a nightmare of mistakes and humiliation. The cynicism which had attracted his clique in the Cavaliers' Club had been received with chill amazement by the officers' mess. His colonel obviously wrote him down an ass, and the keen youngsters, while they busied themselves in their work, treated him as of no account. He had lost his head, too, and out of anxiety to be correct and from sheer ignorance of soldiering had even saluted amazed sergeants. Just then he felt that it would be a positive relief to be drummed out at once and sent home in a cattle-truck. And this was his reward for rising to the occasion and making a man of himself. A man indeed! It would be delightful to creep out under the flapping canvas and crawl away to the nearest ditch and bury himself in the slime.

Gradually this miserable Snowe slipped away from his heart-thrusts of memory and his myriad pains into a broken sleep. Dreams came to him, and with them a voice.

"Snowe, I have a job you *can* do."

Snowe was instantly cautious. After the last two days he was off jobs. "I must have the fullest details before I can answer," he insisted. "I'm getting old, you know. I'm not quite the fellow I was. It would not be right for me to stand in a young man's way."

There was a deep chuckle. "You've nothing to carry. There is no foot-slogging in it. You are your own master. There are no colonels, no subalterns, and no puzzling sergeant-majors."

"I'll take it," cried Snowe promptly.

"Right-ho, come along at once. You are to be the Devil's Call-boy."

"Oh, Hell!" muttered Snowe beneath his breath.

Snowe was flung through a mad world of shrieking winds and dropped gently into a great calm. In a dim light a kindly old gentleman came towards him. "I'm the Janitor," he explained. "I let the right people through. It's your job to call them. Of course, you know we are very particular here. We have a long waiting list. Neither birth nor money are taken into consideration. Temperament is the test and Indolence secures admission."

Snowe was piqued. "You really need not talk to me about Hell," he protested. "I've known all you can tell me since I was in knickerbockers. And don't give yourself airs about it. Anyone can get in, but even your committee, if you have one, cannot hoof a member out."

"Here, make a start on your job," was all the Janitor replied. "Who do you call first?"

"The Kaiser of course," cried Snowe with all the assurance of a man who is backing something with a stone in hand.

The old gentleman made a gesture of despair. He said that he could never have thought that anyone could have been so foolish. No one was less suitable for admission.

Snowe was for a moment dumbfounded. Then the probable explanation occurred to him. "I see," he said. "You are a little bit out of touch down here. You do not get the *Daily Mail*——"

"Oh, don't we," cried the Janitor. "We have it filed side by side with the *Christian Herald*."

"Well, then, if you know what's been happening and still refuse the Kaiser you must be an unutterable rotter. That is all that I can say," said Snowe.

The old man smiled blandly, but the other broke in hotly. "I'll tell you what you want. You want gingering up. I must try a dose of 'Rule Britannia' and 'Soldiers of the Queen.' They work wonders where I came from. I only wish I had a flag I could wave."

"Get back to the Kaiser," suggested the Janitor. "We do not usually give our reasons for rejection, but if I take the Kaiser as an illustration you will learn something of your work. The Kaiser is the last man in the world for Hell. He is *doing* things—lots of things. He has convulsed the whole world. Now, Hell is only for the indolent."

Snowe broke in angrily. "The Kaiser has——

"There are irritants and counter-irritants," explained the other. "Someone has to do evil before others can do good. You regard the Kaiser as a devil. So he may be. But think what a useful devil he is. Before his menace some millions of human jelly-fish have realised that, after all, they are men. This Kaiser has stiffened the world. He has made a fine sweep of picture-palaces and tap-room bars. He lifted his fist and street-loafers rushed to the ranks and millions of others who unt' hen had only thought of themse' are

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

now ready to give their lives for others."

Snowe was indignant. "Unless you take the Kaiser I shall resign," he said stoutly. "The fellow has made a hell of the world, and should be in there. Think of the suffering he has caused and the death he has brought and the sea of blood."

"Blood," cried the Janitor. "You do not knew what you are talking about. The blood of brave men and wounds and anguish—these are the things that count. Everything great in the world down there has come through war of one kind or another. Your thinkers—what are they but fighting men, only you have not ears to hear the clash of their arms or eyes to see the blood of their conquests and defeats. There is always war in the world. Of course, there are times when people are so dull that nothing but a stream of human blood will stir them. It is a sort of stage-trick, this blood-letting, and it brings the whole house to its feet."

"I say that it is damnable," said Snowe, indignantly. "War is an outrage, and utterly out of date."

The Janitor smiled pleasantly. "Don't be ridiculous," he pleaded. "No brave man ever really dies. When they fall they pass on the life-touch to ever so many dead-alive fellows who live on to make themselves better. Out of a blurr of blood comes a blaze of ideals. Do you think that the men you are drilling will ever be the same again? You will have a nation worth calling a nation before you are through with this business. Those who started as loafers will end as men. Now, then, the Kaiser is refused. Call someone else."

"I will call the Kaiser or none," said Snowe stubbornly.

"Then the call passes to me," replied the other. "I do not want to distress you, but I call you—you, Mr. Snowe."

"Me. You call me? Why I am no end of a decent fellow. Your intelligence department rotten. ?

my country. I can show you my uniform."

"Why forget the swagger stick? I am not calling the uniform; I call the thing who should be a man who hides himself behind it."

Snowe was furiously angry. He had never heard of such impertinence. He had been to immense trouble to get his commission, and had had a filthy time since he had joined. He at thirty-eight had given up his comforts and pleasures and all his thanks were abuse and insult.

The Janitor merely shook his head. "Your uniform covers an incompetent nuisance. A fellow cannot go to bed a good-for-nothing civilian and wake up an efficient soldier. I doubt if you are fit for a place even in the ranks. I really must trouble you to come inside. I never knew a fitter candidate for hell. You'll be thoroughly at home here and sure of quick promotion."

Snowe cut him short. "You are carrying a joke too far," he said, warningly. "Besides, there is a dull directness in your conversation, which is exceedingly unattractive. Now that I am here I do not mind if I have a look at your devil merely so that I can say I have seen him. But I am certainly not coming in. I have a lot of work to do to-morrow."

"That is a fair proposal," said the Janitor. "We are pretty full up at present, and the War Office has requisitioned a number of our camp-beds. They will come back again when the loafers have become men. Come here—steady yourself, and take a deep breath. You'll be startled for a moment. There—do you see him?"

A low cry broke from Snowe. "Why, it's myself," he whimpered, hopelessly.

"Yes. The man who does nothing," replied the other. "Neither an irritant nor a counter-irritant."

. . . .

On waking Snowe's first impulse was to complain to the committee of the discomfort of the club chairs. If a member could not sleep without aches and dreams it was high time that someone was sacked. Instead, he joined his fellow-members who were standing at the windows watching a regiment march past. They were young fellows, those soldiers, most of them, and carried themselves proudly. They were men, and were going to do something and had trained themselves to do it. When they had gone Snowe went to a writing-table and wrote out a cheque for the Prince's Fund. In a covering letter he said that if he had been ten years younger he would have fought himself. A minute later he tore up both letter and cheque, drawing another for several times the amount, and that time he was content with the words, "With my humble duty." Then he went out and paced the embankment for an hour and more. Khaki was not for him. He had not earned it. He was a loafer, and must begin with the loafers. And he must set to work on something that he could do, however humble and distasteful it might be. The amazing Kaiser was making a man of him.

GUY LYLE

"But how much more times must I tell you I vas an Englishman?"

By A. P. F. RITCHIE

More Hands Wanted

KAISER: "Hurry up, Von Jagow, fetch help or we are overwhelmed!"
VON JAGOW (Foreign Secretary): "I've tried, Sir, but none will c[illegible]"

How the War is Regarded by America—

WAR: THE REALITY

THE GERMAN DOVE OF PEACE

THE PROGRESS OF——

America, as the one Great Power whose neutrality is really neutral, is naturally able to look on this war from a really detached point of view. But the drawings reproduced

The Bystander Among the Belligerents

"LE PENSEUR"

—CIVILISATION

THE DOVE OF PEACE IN EUROPE

above from "Life" show that people over there are fully alive to the horrors of the situation even though they do not touch them personally

Sport and the United Services

THE VALUE OF ATHLETICS AS AN AID TO EFFICIENCY

NO man, I should imagine, ever fell so suddenly from a well-deserved pinnacle of fame as did Rudyard Kipling when those lines of his about flannelled fools at the wickets and muddied oafs at the goals first saw the light. He has done much since to regain his pinnacle, but even now that famous *faux pas* is still remembered against him not only by those whom it immediately concerned, but also by the majority of level-headed people in Great Britain. I have called it a *faux pas* because Kipling is a patriot, and it was his very patriotism which led him to make it. I cannot remember whether there was a war scare "on" at that particular time, but, at any rate, there must have been a war scare as far as he, Kipling, was concerned. And we must credit him with the best intentions because of his undeniable patriotism.

***

But just for once he overstepped the mark—badly. He had got the idea that the youth of England ought to devote their time to learning to shoot, and to drill, and so forth instead of wasting their substance and their energies—I can conceive that he has never been a player of games himself—upon games. He expressed his idea, after his custom, in language more forcible than polite. No one in his right senses would controvert the view that leisure is well spent in learning "the arts of war." Where the mistake comes in is in supposing that every man has got to spend all his leisure in that way to the exclusion of games, and the reason why it is a mistake is that there is a fallacy underlying it. Is it not true that military training is in itself a sort of game? It is not the real thing, and is, in fact, so far removed from the real thing that it is not as convincing, and, therefore, as engrossing as it might be.

***

I have never actually taken part in what are termed, I believe, manœuvres—not so long ago they were designated, more clumsily, sham fights—but from what I have seen of them I should be inclined to say that, though possessing an undoubted value from an educational point of view, they would always leave a want which would have to be satisfied in another way, the want of something tangible, such as a game of Rugby football, in which you actually do things and win or lose, according to whether you do them well or badly.

***

I believe that if we all went in only for military training, physical drill, and so forth we should become machines that might or might not prove efficient. My theory is very likely going to be put to the test quite soon. I believe that games are positively essential to the cultivation of such necessary attributes as individuality, initiative, self-reliance, and (more especially) alertness. There is nothing that stands a soldier or a sailor in such good stead as the habit of alertness—that habit which finds its best expression in the player of strenuous games. Take football, for instance. Here you have about as good an imitation of a real good scrap as due regard for safety of life admits of. Strength is needed, pace is needed, but most valuable of all is the faculty of making up one's mind what to do in a flash and doing it "right there."

***

There are many other ways in which the playing of games makes for efficiency in the man of war. Passing over such obvious advantages as manual dexterity, and the capacity for "sticking it," even when in pain, one halts instinctively at physical fitness, because physical fitness may undoubtedly be achieved by other methods than by playing games. But, unfortunately, we are so constituted that mere physical fitness does not bring its own reward. If it were so, there would be no such thing as training. Being human we are prone to habits of self-indulgence, very difficult to combat unless we have a definite object in view over and above the mere feeling that we are fit.

***

This is where the various "exercises" break down. We want something appreciable to recompense us for our self-denial, and we find it in games. Whether we succeed or fail the incentive is there. I am convinced that our being a games-playing nation—a nation which appreciates athletics at their proper worth, *and no more*, is going to count, and that the truth of the *dictum* that the battle of Waterloo was won upon the playing fields of Eton will be proved before very long by our cricketers, footballers, polo-players, and other athletes who are now serving their country on land and at sea.

H. S. S.

P. F. WARNER

The famous Middlesex cricketer, and ex-captain of England against Australia

THREE PROMINENT ATHLETES WHO ARE ON ACTIVE SERVICE

R. B. LAGDEN

The Cambridge Cricketer and International hockey player

J. V. BYRNE JOHNSON

The Cambridge Athletic Blue. He is an exceptionally good three-miler

"The Flag that's Braved a Thousand Years the Battle and the Breeze."

"The Shamrock" "Makes Good"

HEEDLESS OF HARD WEATHER AND THE KING'S ENEMIES

Although the contest for the America Cup has been indefinitely postponed owing to the war, the fact that the "[illegible]," at sea when the war broke out, has made the passage to New York unmolested, is not without its significance. Mr. Dixon, a passenger on the "Erin," which accompanied her, has sketched her, as it were, from life, when on the second day of her voyage she encountered a hard N.N.W. wind and a heavy sea. Under her ocean-going ketch rig, she made remarkably good weather of it, and proved herself a fine sea-boat, averaging ten knots an hour during the twenty-four hours for which the "blow" lasted

BY CHAS. DIXON

Femina

WOMEN AND WAR—No. III.

BY "EFEMERA"

WHAT SHALL I DO?

New and Untried

Nothing brings out the spirit of helpfulness so much as a national crisis, particularly a war. Everybody wants to do something, usually something conspicuously patriotic—which to most minds means something different from the ordinary tasks and occupations of everyday life. It is generally felt that a special effort is required of everyone, man or woman: that, of course, is true, but a special effort need not, and should not, necessarily imply an effort in a new and untried direction.

Danger of Amateurs

The Red Cross Society is flooded with demands for instruction and offers of assistance, frequently quite valueless because made by those who, whatever their goodwill, are entirely innocent of the training or ability required. It is absurd to suppose that a course of five lectures and a little practice with the triangular bandage can possibly transform the layman or woman into a nurse of any practical value. A first aid catechism learnt by rote is of little use without actual experience in the application of its rules. Indeed, far more harm than good is likely to be done by enthusiastic neophytes who in the first blush of a Red Cross certificate rush boldly in where angels tread warily.

A Practical Suggestion

There are, however, several ways in which women possessed of some practical experience in home nursing, even though untrained, may be of use. I have before me a letter from a hospital now converted to military uses, and anxious as to the bestowal of convalescents not yet well enough to be returned to their homes. Women willing to receive one or more of these patients into their homes and to nurse them back to complete health would not only do valuable service, but would be far more useful than in volunteering for tasks beyond their competence. Any woman wishing to undertake this work should at once put herself into communication with the Red Cross Society, or directly with the hospitals and infirmaries through medical men of her acquaintance. Another way in which women of moderate experience can be used is in supplementing the work of district and visiting nurses among the poor. Working under competent direction they can, to a large extent, alleviate the distress bound to be caused by the withdrawal of many nurses, not to speak of the help they will bring to the over-worked nurses who remain.

The "I Can'ts"

As for the large class of women typified by one who recently offered her services (?) in these terms: "I can't nurse, I can't cook, I can't sew, tell me what to do," they might find employment in the secretarial work of relief and other societies, of which there is pressing need. Women offering their services should state clearly what they are able and willing to do. Various societies, such as the Re-union Society, Bow House, 83, Bow Road, are prepared to act as clearing houses of offers of service, to register applicants and supply them to other organisations.

False Romanticism

It is almost inconceivable that any able-bodied woman should exist incapable of some form of useful service; the difficulty lies in the fact that so many wish to do something extraordinary, to perform some task for which neither their education nor their home-training has fitted them. The chief thing is to find out what you can do, no matter how prosaic or humble it may seem, and then do it with all your might, not to search for a falsely romantic outlet to your energies.

Where Volunteers Are Needed

Above all, let it be clearly understood that the women already engaged in work connected with any parish or social organisation are doing no service and only causing distress and confusion by giving up their present tasks with a view to more exciting or outwardly patriotic service. The work that was valuable in time of peace is doubly so now. A certain amount of disorganisation is unavoidable; it is, therefore, all the more important that no man or woman should, except under pressure of necessity, abandon his or her post. The real pinch of the war is yet to come, and it should find local and general relief societies, parochial and other guilds and organisations fully manned and able to deal with changed conditions.

Individual Usefulness

Housewives occupied in their own homes should turn their attention to the bottling and preserving of green vegetables and fruit now cheap and plentiful. It is unthinkable that such valuable food should be allowed to go to waste when a little forethought will provide a supply for the winter months. Each one of us can do something, and the welfare of the nation is but the sum of individual usefulness.

EFEMERA

Under Fire—of the Camera

DUCHESSES WHO ARE "ALL OF THEM DOING THEIR COUNTRY'S WORK"

Photograph *Alfieri*

A DUCHESS AND HER SEWING MACHINE

The Duchess of Westminster is equipping a field hospital, and is now busy with her preparations at Gifford House, Rochampton

THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON

In her uniform as a Red Cross Nurse

MILLICENT DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

Arrives at the front in Belgium to act as a Red Cross Nurse

Diverting the Popular Mind

"DRAKE" DOES ITS DUTY AT HIS MAJESTY'S

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

SIR HERBERT TREE seems to have a special gift for giving a friendly lead to *the* profession. When the Boer War broke out he produced Shakespeare's *King John*, a play that has the advantage of concluding with

the well-known words to the effect that if the three corners of the world come upon us in arms we have no need to be downhearted about it. At the same time, I remember, Lady Tree made something of a sensation by positively appearing at a music-hall and reciting Kipling's poem about absent-minded beggars. At the present juncture Sir Herbert has had the happy idea of reviving *Drake*, from which it would seem to be clear that he, at least, has decided to "keep going on."

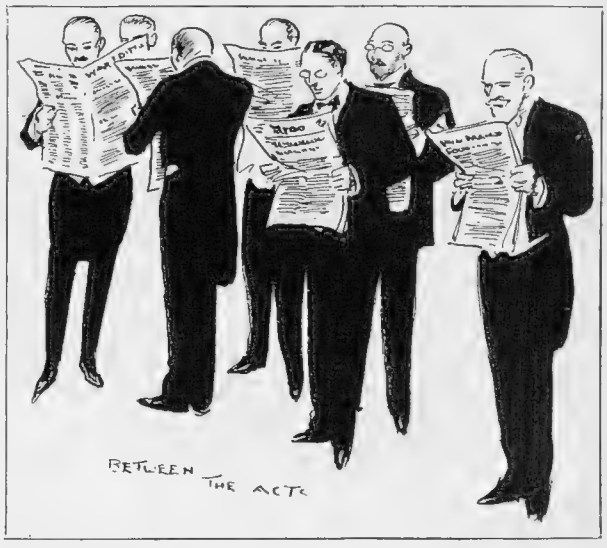
I should not like to say that as I sat watching Mr. L. N. Parker's fascinating panorama the heart of the audience was altogether in its job. When a mild jest was cracked, there was laughter to be sure, but the laughter seemed to lack spontaneity; the one genuine sentiment was that of patriotic enthusiasm. The vast audience watched the play in silence as if it were asleep, until some reference was made to England's mastery of the seas, or good ships of oak; then it woke up suddenly with a roar of approval, relapsing into grim silence a moment or so later. The people about me seemed to have only one ear for the play; the other ear was cocked in the direction of the streets outside where the noise of battle was occasionally echoed by the hoarse voices of the newsvendors.

In between the acts, most of the distinguished dramatic critics instead of walking about as usual trying to convey the impression that they had bought the street and were in active negotiation for the sky above it, hurried out to buy the latest edition of an evening paper to see whether the French and Belgians had won their usual daily victory with the commendable regularity that has characterised their work since the opening of the war.

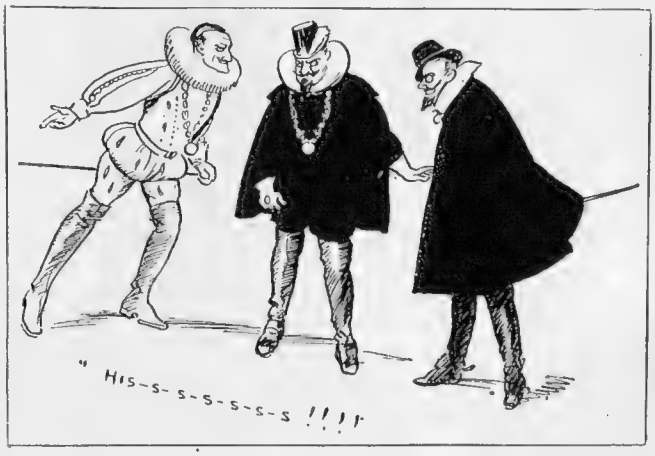
The artistic merit of this play is of course, overshadowed at the moment by its patriotic significance. Indeed, now and again there seems little doubt that Sir Herbert Tree as Drake is talking to his audience and not to his companions on the stage. At one point he tells Queen Elizabeth with, apparently, a designedly misplaced metaphor, that the English will fight for the right to serve under their own King, and the Queen conveniently ignores a slip that the real Elizabeth would, I fancy, have criticised in the lurid vocabulary which she is said to have favoured in her more excitable moments. It is, perhaps, the fact that the present revival is propagandist rather than dramatic that gives the impression that it has not been quite sufficiently rehearsed. Many of the scenes which on the first production of the piece gripped the attention by their artistic excellence are now played rather mechanically as though it were recognised that they form only a train for the occasional sparks of patriotic sentiment which will at due intervals remind the audience that it is alive. Sir Herbert Tree seems to have purposely neglected the artistic side of his rôle in order to be able to give greater effect to his job as a "heart-raiser."

At the same time, it must be at once acknowledged that the task of diverting the popular mind at such a time as this is one of extreme difficulty. I remember being at the theatre on the night when news was expected of the relief of Mafeking. The audience then seemed as if it had come resolved to try

and be amused in the face of fearful odds; but it was obviously disturbed every time a noise was heard from the street. About the middle of the second act the voices of the performers on the stage were drowned by the rising tide of cheering that came from the outer world, and the audience grew so restless that the curtain was dropped while the manager hurried on to say he "had the honour to announce——." A gentleman with a stentorian voice at the back of the pit finished the managerial sentence by explaining that the relief of Mafeking had been officially announced, and the house rose to sing the National Anthem. After that the play proceeded, but the extreme difficulty of trying to interest the audience made one sympathise deeply with the able company on the stage. It is just such a difficulty as this which confronts Sir Herbert Tree in his present revival, and he must be allowed to hold the attention of his audience the best way he can. The faculty of mental detachment is not a universal gift, and, as it has been written, men must be taught as though they had forgot.

THE AUDIENCE JOIN IN THE "MARSEILLAISE"

BETWEEN THE ACTS

The play of *Drake* is a very happy selection just now, since it was Drake who on a more serious occasion for us even than this protested that he and those who were playing at bowls with him had time to finish their game. The inference from which protest is that those who have for the moment nothing to do but to wait on passing events might as well go to the theatre as usual in their spare time. No doubt after the piece has been running for a week or two it will go more smoothly and will form a very suitable entertainment for those who require a little wholesome distraction without the frivolity of peace times, which under the present circumstances may well be distasteful to them. The performance is preceded by the singing of "Drake's Drum" by Mr. Wilfrid Douthitt, agreeably reminding those of us who hail from the West Country that Drake he was a Devon man. This item is capitally sung, and the sentiment was naturally well applauded as, just now, we stay-at-home people can hope for no more than to shine in the reflected glory of our national heroes.


"HIS-S-S-S-S-S-S!!!"

On the posters announcing the revival of *Drake* Sir Herbert has adroitly managed to convey the impression that in the character of Drake he is watching our shores for us, and that we may leave our case with all confidence in his hands, and sleep soundly in our beds. The present production is not, perhaps, all that might be desired as a work of art; but it is useful as an advance guard of what we may hope for in the theatrical world when the main army, as it were, begins the general attack. I apologise for this military phraseology, but in common with quite a number of people lately, I have been reading the newspapers a good deal, and, as is very generally known, the news published just now is of a particularly warlike character. If *Drake* should prove a popular success, Sir Herbert Tree will at least have deserved it. JINGLE

Patriotism and Music

"Sins of the Children"

There are some things too stupid to think about, and one of these, most certainly, is the rumoured decision of those responsible for the Promenade Concerts not to play any German music during this season. That the sins of the fathers are rightly visited on the children we are supposed to know on the best authority, but why the sins of the children should be visited on the fathers—and, incidentally, on all sorts of people not even related to them—does not seem so clear. Indeed, if anybody will prove to me that the misdeeds of William II. should prevent me from hearing Bach's concertos or Beethoven's symphonies I will forfeit a week's salary.

"Unofficial"

It is only fair to say that this reputed action of the Queen's Hall is "unofficial." It may be that like some of the "victories" we have heard too much about it is so exaggerated as to be untrue. Still, the fact remains that a Wagner programme has been cancelled in favour of a Franco-Russian miscellany and that Strauss' works have been, apparently, erased from the repertory.

True Musical Patriotism

Now the Musical Bystander would be the last person in the world to deny the validity of national feeling in music. But musical patriotism is for times of peace, not for times of war. Those of us who have preached in and out of season the superiority of modern English to modern German music have done so because our considered judgment led us to that conclusion. At the present time, being, like every other Englishman, prejudiced, we must in common intellectual honesty remain silent. You cannot compel artistic belief by waving the Union Jack and even if you do succeed momentarily in carrying the public with you, the reaction (which is bound to come) will lose you more ground than ever you have gained. So that this is emphatically *not* the time for pushing the younger school of British composers.

The Case of Strauss

Of course, everybody realises, to some extent, that music reflects the environment in which it was created. Thus I have always fancied that the truculent, musical bully who is Strauss seemed not at all a bad representative of modern Prussia. *Heldenleben*, for instance, is overwhelmingly Prussian in its ideals. And it seems arguable that music of this kind should be excluded from our programmes, even on unmaterial grounds. Moreover, Strauss being alive and a member of the German Society of Composers, receives a certain sum every time his compositions are performed. So I can understand the feeling that might prompt people to resent any contribution from England, however indirect, towards the enemy's expenses.

Puerile and Blasphemous

But Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner are all dead and beyond the grasp even of the profits of German copyright. Their works have passed into the common heritage of all good Europeans. Are we to suppose that the Germans will give up reading "*unser* Shakespeare" because the English have seized Togoland? Are we to give up reading Goethe because the Germans have sunk the *Amphion*? The arts, like the sciences, are superior to mere temporal nightmares like the present war. They represent the reality, the eternal spirit, that, despite kings and diplomats, goes on living when frontiers and armies are forgotten. It is not only puerile, it is blasphemous to think you are showing your dislike of modern Germany by refusing to have anything to do with the productions of past German genius. It seems to me as if a man were to strike a statue of St. Peter in the face because he disliked contemporary Jewish plutocrats.

Peculiarly Inept

As a matter of fact, I believe that in this particular instance a wrong has been done to the good sense of the English. I have heard on all sides nothing but condemnation of such stupidity. Besides, everybody knows that in this horrible war our quarrel is not with the German people, who have produced the great artists and scientists, but with the Prussian oligarchs, who have never produced anything worth producing at all. So it is peculiarly inept. In fact, it is so inept that I shall refuse to believe it until I am told "officially" that it is so.

FRANCIS TOYE

Shopping Notes

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Irish Linen for the Front

At the present juncture it is interesting to note that at the time of the late South African War large quantities of Irish linen of all descriptions, together with woollen sleeping helmets, shirts, night-shirts, Irish socks, dressing-gowns, and Royal Ulster fleece rugs were forwarded to the front by Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, Ltd., of Belfast and Regent Street, W. (established 1870—significant date) to the orders of organisers of relief funds, hospital committees, and like bodies. We have ascertained that the firm have huge stocks of similar goods now on hand, and that already they are filling many orders, both for societies and individuals.

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ROUGHING IT IN ANTICIPATION

The 20 h.p. Colonial Model Napier, which for four days endeavoured, without success, to wreck itself over rough country about Farnham and Haslemere in order to demonstrate the structural strength and engine power of the new model specially suitable for campaign work. The trial was a triumph for the car

A Motorist's War Notes

CARS WHICH ARE RENDERING VALUABLE MILITARY SERVICE

A Reflection

LET the mind rest a little on the present place of the petrol power plant, or, to be wholly inclusive, the internal combustion engine, as a factor of efficiency in the present situation. Installed on various—widely various—forms of chassis, it rushes soldiery to the front, it hauls his stores, his food, his everything that is required on time and in double quick time; and it rushes him back to hospital when wounded. It keeps the C.I.C. in personal daily touch with a 200-mile fighting line if necessary. Boillot, who is driving General Joffre, will find the task quite a little one—if the road is clear. French, our first cavalryman, is not met by the ceremonial horse when he arrives in Paris, but by cars; and it is a car that will meet him at the other end—wherever that may be. Motor 'buses which plied for hire to and from Liverpool Street are now on service in France, their labels, and probably their table of fares, still affixed. Everywhere land transport is being most efficiently served by the motor vehicle. In London and the North I have not yet seen a single horse-mounted man; but I have seen thousands car-mounted. The motor ambulance threatens entirely to oust all other conveyances except the stretcher and its bearers. Field guns are not generally being hauled by motor vehicles, despite the friendly lead of the Sheffield-Simplex; but motor vehicles of some sort hauled the German siege guns to Liège, or so it is reported, and motor ploughs are doing the preliminary work of trench-making.

***

Transport Efficiency

On the sea the motor vessel is, doubtless, a minor quantity, but it is serving as a very large auxiliary. The aerial scout knows no other power plant than the internal combustion engine. And where commerce has been robbed of the horse, the motor vehicle runs in as the only possible alternative. Always, except for the act of fighting, we think in terms of the motor for two reasons—first because it is so obviously efficient for every immediate purpose of transport, and, second, because, however deeply sub-conscious and however dimly appreciated in normal times, means of transport are at the base of all our social superstructures. Wipe out the means of transport—the mind boggles at the prospect. This crisis has hardly concentrated attention upon the whole truth, but, at any rate, it has emphasised as probably nothing else could, the enormous importance of the road and the motor vehicle. This is one of the lessons Europe is paying roughly about twelve millions of pounds per day to learn.

***

A Notable Demonstration

There is one matter of civic interest to which, so far, I have given no attention, but which may effectively come in here, just because it demonstrates something of the extent to which the motor-car has developed in structural strength as well as propulsive power. For four days just before the war commenced, the Napier Company was apparently engaged in an attempt to break up one of its new 20 h.p. Colonial models, putting it at roadless country, jumping it at banks, forcing it through bogs, and generally doing everything you and I would carefully avoid with our own vehicle. Among other things it fell into a shelving hole of from two to five feet deep. it suffered from a big frame twist through running into another hole, it forded the River Wey twice daily and negotiated the Devil's Jump as a regular thing. The test was devised to show that the notoriously evil conditions of Colonial tracks were infinitely more impotent than they were to smash up a motor vehicle when that had specially been constructed with an eye to likely contingencies, by a company like the Napier. The R.A.C. report just issued, places the official seal upon a really great performance, during which the car stood up in a remarkable manner, coming through its ordeal whole and with the highest possible credit for its makers. Send that every vehicle upon which the efficiency of the army depends may show to equal advantage. Amen!

***

Cars in Service

The cars actually purchased by the War Office, or the purchase of which is asserted, include Sunbeams; Daimlers; Wolseleys (and their works); W. and G. taxi-cabs by the score; the Sheffield-Simplex vehicles that so recently figured in the great gun-hauling episode, out of which, by the way, the Avon tyre emerged with such high credit; what few Janson cars were available; Overlands; Belsizes; and a host of others. So that the existence of the British motor industry has been, and will be, something of a blessing to the country just now. ALEX. J. M. GRAY

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Also "Solhem," a quaint old COTTAGE RESIDENCE, adjoining; with 5 bedrooms, square hall, and 3 sitting rooms, cottage and garden, and paddock of 4½ acres.

LONG AND VALUABLE ROAD FRONTAGES.

To be SOLD by AUCTION at The Mart, E.C. (in 1 or 2 lots), on SEPTEMBER 22 next (unless previously disposed of).—Solicitors, Messrs. CONSTANT and CONSTANT, 63, Fenchurch Street, E.C. Full particulars of the Auctioneers, 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

TO LOVERS OF OLD HOUSES AND GARDENS.

ESSEX.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ANCIENT TOWN OF BRAINTREE.—Most picturesque old HOUSE, dating back to early XVIIth Century, on high ground and sandy soil. Containing quantity of oak beams and other interesting features; overhauled recently and electric light and central heating installed: Lounge halls, 2 reception rooms, delightful old library with clear-story windows, school and play rooms, 3 staircases, 10 bedrooms, bathroom and usual offices; stabling for 2, garage with pit; lovely old-world gardens, orchard and paddock, in all over 4 acres.

TO BE SOLD AT TIMES PRICE.

—Apply to HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HANDY FOR GOLF.

30 MINUTES FROM TOWN. Frequent late train service G.C., L. & N.W. and Metropolitan Railways.

MIDDLESEX

(near post, church, telegraph office, and village).

FURNISHED, a well-known RESIDENCE, about 1 mile of 2 stations, and adjoining large extent of BEAUTIFUL WOODLAND COUNTRY. Carriage drive with lodge, entrance hall, fine dining and drawing rooms, FULL-SIZED BILLIARD ROOM, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, lavatory (h. and c.), good offices, with servants' hall; STABLING AND MOTOR ACCOMMODATION. Horses and carriages by arrangement. Gas; Company's water; main drainage; telephone. Grounds contain tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen gardens, in all about 3 ACRES.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

GRAVEL SOIL.

IDEAL WEEK-END RESIDENCE.

SUSSEX.

Amidst beautiful country and in a favourite residential part.

TO BE LET, this EXCEEDINGLY PICTURESQUE LITTLE HOUSE, being a genuine old Sussex Farmhouse. with beamed ceilings and oak staircase,

DATING BACK TO 1620.

It contains: hall, 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bath, usual offices; modern conveniences, including Company's water and radiators.

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The grounds include lawn, shrubberies and kitchen garden. Garage by arrangement.—Strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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"DUNLEY HILL," NEAR DORKING, SURREY.—To be SOLD, in one of the quietest and most beautiful parts of the County, yet only 25 miles from London.

A REALLY EXCELLENT HOUSE FOR WEEK-END ENTERTAINMENT.

It contains: lofty entrance hall, inner hall, 5 reception rooms, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and ample domestic offices. There is a lift from the basement to the first floor. Ample supply of water. Heating by hot water coils. The gardens and grounds are quite a feature of the property, and well planted with a variety of ornamental trees and shrubs. SMALL DUTCH GARDEN. Magnificent lawn for several tennis courts. Squash racquet court. EXCELLENT FARM BUILDINGS.

TOTAL AREA 382 ACRES.

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BERKSHIRE.

TO BE SOLD, OR THE HOUSE WOULD BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR THE WINTER.

ONE MILE FROM WELLINGTON COLLEGE STATION (close to Sandhurst).—A FREEHOLD RESIDENCE AND DAIRY FARM, known as "AMBARROW HILL." The House occupies an exceptionally choice position, commanding beautiful views, and containing: 8 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, and office; good gardens and ample buildings, together with about 121 ACRES of excellent land (the lease of 42 acres adjoining can be transferred). A large wholesale and retail milk business is being carried on, and the purchaser would have the benefit of existing contracts; golf, hunting, polo.—For further particulars apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (F 2,964)

BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON.

TO BE SOLD.

A BEAUTIFUL OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, with panelled rooms, open fireplace, and oak-beamed ceilings. The approach is by long [illegible] age drive, and the accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 3 reception roo[illegible] 8 bedrooms, bath-dressing room, bathroom, petrol gas, modern s[illegible] [illegible]rdener's cottage. The gardens are well timbered [illegible]roquet lawns, fishpond with rustic bridge, park- [illegible]bout

[illegible] 21¼ ACRES.

half an[illegible] y to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, (4,819)

AMONGST THE PINES AND ADJOINING EXTENSIVE COMMONS ABOUT 1½ HOURS FROM LONDON.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, or ESTATE WOULD BE SOLD. 350ft. above the sea on sandy soil.—This beautiful TUDOR RESIDENCE contains: Fine hall, 5 reception rooms, 3 bathrooms, 17 bed and dressing rooms, servants' hall, etc.; stabling, laundry, delightful gardens and grounds; golf; hunting.—For further particulars apply KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., London, W. (F 1,453)

IN THE MIDST OF MOST BEAUTIFUL SCENERY ON THE WELSH COAST.

TO BE LET FURNISHED, from SEPTEMBER, for about six months or longer, this medium-sized RESIDENCE, commanding magnificent views of sea and mountain, and containing furniture and appointments of an exceptionally interesting character. Brief accommodation: oak-panelled hall with loggia, dining room, drawing room, 9 bed and dressing rooms (more bedrooms can be arranged for if required, and there is also a pretty overflow cottage in grounds), 2 bathrooms; electric light; telephone. The gardens are of great beauty and include unique rock, Alpine, flower, and wild gardens, also private woodland and cliff walks extending to over 130 acres.

CLOSE TO FIRST-CLASS GOLF COURSE. FISHING RIGHTS INCLUDED.

—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY have made a personal inspection of this property, and can most strongly recommend it. Offices, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (F 2,834)

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45 MINUTES FROM LONDON.

TO BE SOLD, this picturesque RESIDENCE, originally dating from the XVIth. Century, but since restored with great care, occupying a healthy position nearly 600 feet above sea level. It contains: large hall 55ft. by 40ft. (open to roof) with billiard table, drawing room with lounge, dining room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; petrol air gas; motor house; gardener's cottage; well laid-out gardens, 2 tennis lawns, flower gardens and plantation, kitchen garden and 4 acres of orchard. Within easy reach of good golf links.—For further particulars apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (F 2,798)

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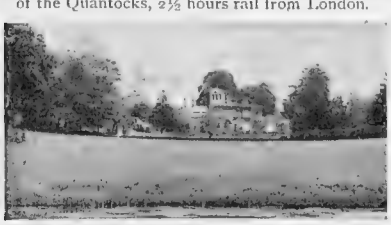
SUSSEX, ASHDOWN FOREST.
Superb position, over 600ft. above sea level, with glorious views.
CLOSE TO THE CELEBRATED GOLF LINKS.

FOR SALE, A BEAUTIFUL REPLICA OF AN OLD
SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE.
All modern conveniences; electric light, radiators, etc.; lounge, 4 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, bathroom, complete offices, old farmhouse, 2 cottages; well-timbered grounds of 16½ acres, practically surrounded by the Forest.—Full particulars of the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

SUSSEX.
Close to the delightful old village of Worth, amidst absolutely rural surroundings. Under an hour from London.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, or would be LET, FURNISHED, at a nominal rent,
AN ATTRACTIVE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, STANDING IN A BEAUTIFULLY WOODED PARK,
400ft. above sea level; ¼ mile drive with lodge; outer and inner halls, 4 reception rooms, 17 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; ample stabling and garage, men's rooms; farmery, cottage, and laundry.
BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED PLEASURE GROUNDS
including tennis, croquet, and other lawns, kitchen garden with range of glasshouses, orchard, woodland, picturesque lake, paddocks, etc., in all about 25 acres. Inspected and recommended.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

WEST SOMERSET.
A place of great interest on the Southern slopes of the Quantocks, 2½ hours rail from London.



A SHOW PLACE FOR SALE, within its delightful Park, and containing 16 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, hall and fine suite of reception rooms, etc.; electric light, good water supply; excellent outbuildings and 6 cottages. The feature of the place is the wonderful gardens with an unrivalled collection of flowering and other shrubs, and also a huge natural rock and water garden. The park and grounds cover an area of about 70 acres, and full particulars may be obtained from WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil. Inspected and highly recommended.

A GENUINE SHOW PLACE FOR SALE AT A MODERATE PRICE.

LOVELIEST PART OF BERKS (an hour from London).—The delightful old QUEEN ANNE HOUSE contains: 9 bedrooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, etc.; stabling and cottage.
PERFECT OLD-WORLD GARDENS, FOR THEIR SIZE PROBABLY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN THE COUNTY.
—Price for the Freehold and full particulars can be obtained from WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W. Inspected and recommended.

SUSSEX.—Amidst the South Downs, 3 miles from the sea.

FOR SALE.
A GENUINE OLD MANOR HOUSE,
DATING FROM 1296.
PERFECTLY PRESERVED AND FULL OF MAGNIFICENT OLD OAK WORK.
Beautiful old banqueting hall with minstrels gallery, cloister, dining room, study; ample domestic offices; 6 bedrooms, 2 bath rooms, cottage; acetylene gas, Company's water, modern sanitation; delightful old-world gardens; woodland and grass of 13 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

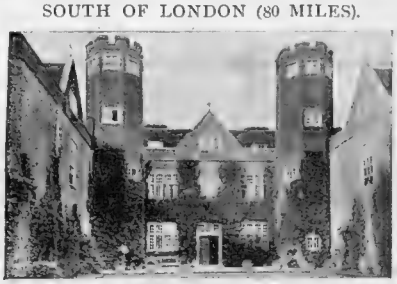
BLACKMORE VALE AND CATTISTOCK COUNTRY.
HUNTING SIX DAYS A WEEK.
AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.
SOMERSET AND DORSET BORDERS (near Sherborne and Yeovil).—For SALE, one of the most charming RESIDENTIAL PROPERTIES in the district, at present occupied by a well-known hunting man, and including fine dining hall, 3 other reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, and ample domestic offices; 12 loose boxes, coachhouse, garage, mechanic's room, 4 cottages; farm buildings; charming grounds, parkland and paddocks, *in all about 35 acres.* Cost over £11,000. *For quick Sale £8,000 would be accepted.*—Particulars of WILSON and GRAY, 20, Princes Street, Yeovil, and 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Sq., London, W.

ISLE OF WIGHT.
In a lovely part, close to Seaview, about 2 miles from Ryde. Easy reach of golf links.
SECLUDED POSITION. BEAUTIFUL VIEWS.
FOR SALE AT A LOW PRICE, a PERFECTLY APPOINTED MODERN HOUSE, with 3½ ACRES OF FINELY TIMBERED GROUNDS. Large sitting hall, 2 fine reception rooms, complete domestic offices, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, wide verandahs and balconies.
EVERY POSSIBLE MODERN CONVENIENCE.
Electric light, radiators, telephone, Company's water, main drainage, laundry.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

AMIDST THE MOST GLORIOUS SUSSEX SCENERY.
50 minutes from London by express trains.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED. MODERATE RENT.
A GENUINE OLD SUSSEX HOUSE SET AMIDST DELIGHTFUL GARDENS AND SURROUNDED BY WELL-TIMBERED PARK OF 35 ACRES.
250 yards back from the road. Vestibule, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom. SUPERB OAK PANELLING AND BEAMS. Stabling for 5; garage; farmery; 2 cottages.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

SOUTH OF LONDON (80 MILES).



FOR SALE,
A RENOWNED ELIZABETHAN MANSION with beautiful gardens and surrounded by grandly timbered park of over 100 acres. The accommodation is, briefly: 18 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bath rooms, lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, and complete domestic offices. The house is in perfect order with all modern comforts, such as electric light, radiators. *Yet all the original features have been carefully preserved.* SUPERB OLD OAK PANELLING AND ORIGINAL PLASTER CEILINGS. Ample stabling, garage, and accommodation for men; 2 miles trout and salmon fishing can be arranged.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil. Inspected and highly recommended.

WILTS. 1½ MILES FROM SALISBURY.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, or would be LET, FURNISHED, for a few years. MODERATE RENTAL.—A picturesque old-fashioned HOUSE, surrounded by a moat; gravel soil and perfectly dry; 4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, ample offices, with servants' hall and housekeeper's room; stabling for 7, garage; 2 cottages.
DELIGHTFUL OLD GARDENS.
ELECTRIC LIGHT.
—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W., and Yeovil.

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Telephones: { Western 1 (60 lines). Byfleet 149.

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ADJOINING A LOVELY SURREY COMMON.

SURREY (within 2 miles of a main line station, and only 35 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT MODERATE-SIZED HOUSES in the county, well away from road and surrounded by

CHARMING WELL-WOODED GROUNDS OF 10 ACRES.

Lounge hall (oak panelled), 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light, Company's water; stabling for 3, coach-house or motor-house.—Inspected and very strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

KENT (lovely Hawkhurst District).—To be LET, Unfurnished, an Attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in

BEAUTIFULLY-TIMBERED PLEASURE GROUNDS OF 12 OR MORE ACRES.

5 reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, housekeeper's room; ample stabling and motor garage.

RENT £300 PER ANNUM.

Full details from Messrs. WINCH AND SONS, Land Agents, Cranbrook; or Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (16,892)

GOING CHEAPLY.

PRICE ONLY £2,000, WITH 4 COTTAGES.

SOMERSET.—FOR SALE, A FINE OLD TUDOR MANOR HOUSE of character, with *a good deal of oak panelling, open fireplaces, and carved ceilings;* 8 bed, 3 reception, bath; stabling, garage.

7 ACRES OF GARDENS AND GROUNDS.

Property bounded by own trout stream.

—Full details of Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (17,769)

OWNER KEEN TO SELL.

SOUTH DEVON COAST.—For SALE, one of the finest MARINE PROPERTIES now in the market,

COMMANDING BEAUTIFUL VIEWS OF THE CHANNEL.

15 bed, 4 reception, 4 baths; stabling, garage; every comfort; electric light; wonderful gardens and grounds of 4½ ACRES.—Inspected and strongly recommended by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FOR SALE, CHEAPLY.

21, ROYAL CRESCENT, BATH.

A FINE GEORGIAN HOUSE, overlooking Private Park, and away to the hills and combes: 8 bed, 4 lofty reception, bath; Company's water and electric light; stabling, garage; pretty garden.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

PRICE, £1,250, WITH 4½ ACRES.

ONE OF THE CHEAPEST PROPERTIES EVER OFFERED.

SURREY AND BERKS BORDERS.—To be SOLD, at the bargain figure of £1,250, a well-built and attractive FREEHOLD HOUSE, with 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; acetylene gas; Company's water; stabling, garage.

4½ ACRES.

—Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

CHARMING OLD TUDOR COTTAGE RESIDENCE.

HERTS (about 3 miles from 2 stations, 45 minutes Town).—HOUSE contains: 3 reception, bath, and 5 bedrooms; stabling for 3; cottages; lovely old gardens and grounds of about

17 ACRES.

For SALE.—Confidently recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (Fo. 16,205)

SPECIAL TO ROMAN CATHOLICS AND TO GOLFERS.

15 minutes' walk from WOODCHESTER PRIORY. 20 minutes' walk from MINCHINHAMPTON GOLF LINKS.

£3,000 WILL BUY a stone-built TUDOR RESIDENCE in a beautiful part of Gloucestershire; 10 bed, 3 good reception rooms (1 oak-panelled), lounge hall, 2 baths; charming gardens of 3 acres, and a 3-acre paddock.—Inspected and strongly recommended by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (15,064)

SUITABLE AS A PRIVATE RESIDENCE OR BOARDING HOUSE.

TENBY.—Remainder of LEASE for SALE cheaply of a good HOUSE in this attractive and very healthy resort: 7 bed, 3 reception, bath, Company's gas and Water.

THE HOUSE IS OPPOSITE CLIFF GARDENS AND FACES THE SEA.

—Full details of Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd), as above. (17,735)

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FOUNDED 1871.

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EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

£2,000 Will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bonâ-fide* holder of this Coupon Insurance Ticket, **if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab** (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), on which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder or trader's ticket-holder; **or**

£1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz. (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

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And " " 14s. 1d. " " " " 26 " " "

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Makers of Sailor Suits to H. M. the Queen.

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Thanks to the consideration of our clients who have kindly anticipated in advance their requirements for boys and girls returning to school, business is proceeding normally. The same staff, the same high grade merchandise, the same terms, the same security of absolute satisfaction. Please place your orders NOW.

The Rowe Catalogues contain fullest information on the correct apparelling of boys and girls of all ages. Free on request.

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The Children's Shop
106 New Bond St, W.
(And at Gosport.)

HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO., LTD.,

having received a very considerable number of enquiries, desire to inform Ladies organising Sewing Classes that Horrockses' Calicoes and Flannelettes suitable for making Shirts, Night-Shirts, etc., for our Soldiers and Sailors, also cloths for bandages, can be procured from all Drapers at very reasonable prices.

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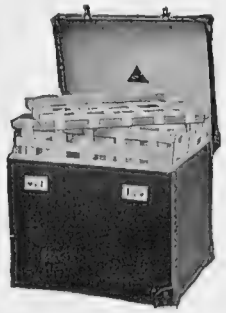
"Ideal" Trunks are of the lightest weight, but of sterling, honest make.

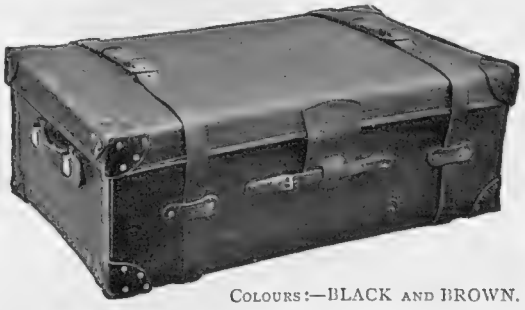
In the construction of these trunks due consideration is given to the rough usage they must inevitably undergo; the "make-haste-at-any-cost" spirit has not yet found its way into the "Best" factories, where every article is made by experienced, skilful workmen who regard the results of their labour with that interest and pride which is so rare in these shoddy times. Their careful manufacture, their improved material, and the most modern machinery account for the superiority of the "Best Ideal" Trunks—the unique "Light and Strong" Boxes with the splendid reputation.

THE "IDEAL" HAT BOX.



22 in. long, 19 in. wide, 19 in. deep - - £3 0 0
24 in. long, 20 in. wide, 20 in. deep - - £3 8 6

THE "IDEAL" CABIN TRUNKS.



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33 in. long, 21 in. wide, 13 in. deep	£4 5 0	£4 15 0
36 in. ,, 22 in. ,, 14 in. ,,	£4 15 0	£5 5 0

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188 SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W. **BEST & CO.** ALDFORD ST., PARK

A CONSIDERATION IN TIME OF WAR.—The making of Best's "Ideal" Trunks being conducted entirely in their London factory gives employment to many British workmen

Russia Under Arms: Saying Good-bye

THE ATTITUDE OF THE RUSSIAN TOMMY ATKINS

BY THE BYSTANDER IN MOSCOW

ANDRÉ SERGEEVITCH ("Andr") came to see me last night. "I'm off to-morrow," he said, fumbling in the folds of his purple shirt, "and I've brought you this. It's not funny, you know, but perhaps it's the last I'll ever do, and I'd like your people to see a real Russian Tommy."

"It's a bit different from the Japanese war, isn't it?" he said proudly, as a few minutes later we made our way through the crowd to the Brest Station, where some ten thousand people had assembled to wish the Servian reserves God-speed and *bon voyage*.

A workman fresh from strikes and Socialistic propaganda is suddenly hoisted up on willing shoulders. Waving a national flag, he leads the crowd into the deep, impressive chant of "Save, O Lord, Thy people." A Servian in a frenzy of oratory tries in vain to make his voice heard above the din. "Goodbye, my brothers." "Belgrade is burning." One just catches the isolated phrases between the shouts of "Glory to the Slavs!" and "God give us victory!" From a small restaurant close at hand some students have commandeered an orchestra. Its members are, perhaps, Austrians, but they do not declare their nationality. "The national Anthem," thunders the crowd, and, as the reservists' train steams slowly out of the station, ten thousand voices burst into the "Boje Tsaria Khramee," the finest and most impressive of all the national anthems, until the refrain is taken up along the long line of the Tverskaia and flung to the farthest ends of Moscow.

IVAN IVANOVITCH—THE RUSSIAN TOMMY ATKINS

"The man all Europe is watching." "The Bystander" Moscow artist's last sketch before going to join his regiment

By Andr

"They mean business all right," said André Sergeevitch. "It's magnificent, and to think that only ten days ago two thirds of these people were waving red flags and roaring 'La Marseillaise.' If they"—here André waved his hand dramatically vards the western frontier, for he is an actor as well artist—"if *they* thought that our party dissenuld make things easy for them they've made The Left are just as keen for this job as

crowd down the Tverskaia voung cadet who has just been created an officer is dragged from his "droshky" and tossed in the air. Breathless, his cheeks aflame, and his eyes flashing with the enthusiasm of youth, he waves his cap above his head. "Long live the Russian Army!" he cries, "Long live the Russian Army," thunders the crowd, and all thought of Cossacks and repression is forgotten in the first ecstasy of a new-born patriotism.

At eleven o'clock I go home with André to have tea with his father and mother. Here the enthusiasm is not so great, although the sacrifice is gladly offered.

"Ours is a just cause," says André's mother, "what else can we do? All the reserves since 1897 have been called out. They're taking even the men of forty."

While we drink our tea, Piotr, the doorkeeper, comes in to be paid off. He, too, is going.

"Well, Piotr, are you glad to go?" asks André's father.

"Glad, *barin*, or not glad. It's all the same. If I were alone, of course I'd be glad. But I'm a poor man, and I've a wife and five children. Who's going to look after them when I'm away?"

And I realise suddenly that in spite of all the cheering in the streets there are many in Moscow to-night who are eating out their hearts in a vain sorrow.

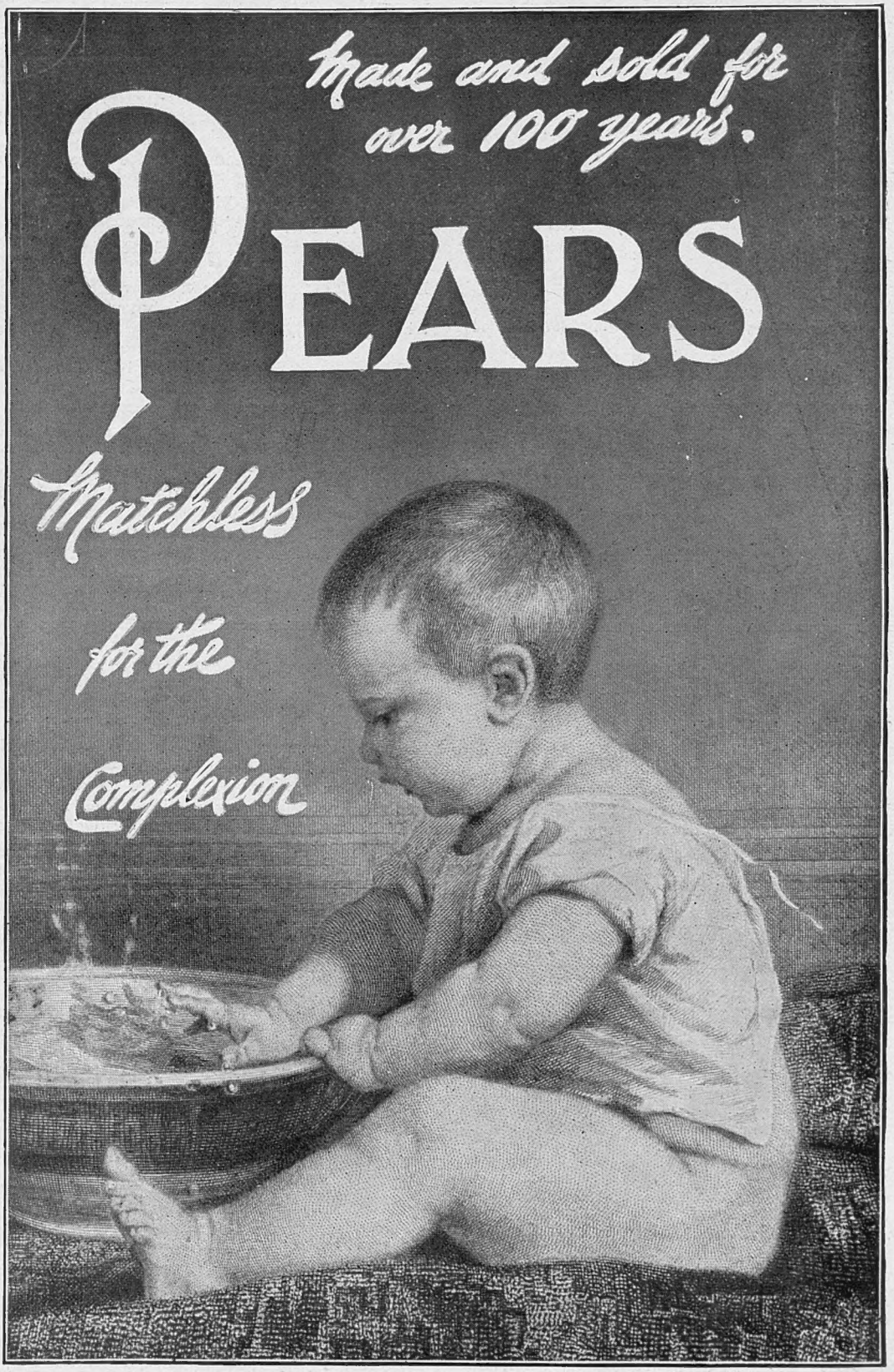
I go down to the street with André to say good-bye.

"Will there be victory?" I ask him for the hundredth time, not wishing to keen the edge of departure by useless words.

"Victory? Who knows?" he replies. "If only——." He stops suddenly. "Look." A company of soldiers with colours flying and fixed bayonets are swinging down the street. "Look," says André excitedly, the momentary cloud of sadness forgotten. "Ivan Ivanovitch is a fine man—the finest soldier in Europe. Just tell me where you'll find better."

"And the officers?" I ask gently.

"Well, they've learnt a lot since 1904. But look at the way those chaps march. They're fatalists, you know. If they think they've a good cause, they'll stop at nothing, and they're fit to march to eternity."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PEARS
Matchless for the Complexion

The Menu: Economical Cookery for the War Time *(continued)*

THE following recipes at the present time when everyone is contriving to cut down their expenditure, especially with meat, may give a few hints to show that it is possible to provide many excellent meat dishes, though not composed of the primest cuts.

Shin of Beef. (Brazilian Stew)
Stewed Ox-Heart
Sheep's or Lamb's Head Curry
Baked Tripe with Potatoes
Bullock's Sweetbreads

Brazilian Stew

Cut up a few onions, tomatoes, and carrots; have ready 2 lb. of the shin of beef, cut into pieces about two inches long, and dip each piece into vinegar. Put the vegetables and meat with some pepper and salt into a saucepan without any water (or in a casserole in the oven), and let all simmer for four hours. There will be plenty of gravy, and the meat very tender. Shin of beef is now tenpence per pound.

Stewed Ox-Heart

Divide the heart down the middle, rub flour over it, and fry it until of a nice brown on both sides. When this is done, put it into a saucepan with enough water to cover it, a sprig of thyme, some pepper, salt, and four onions. Let the saucepan simmer for two hours. When done thicken the gravy, cut up some of the heart in rather thin slices, and send to table garnished with tomatoes.

Lamb's Head Curry

Put a lamb's head in a stewpan with sufficient water to cook it, having previously washed and blanched it. Let it stew slowly till the meat comes easily from the bones. When cool, cut it into small pieces. Fry a small onion in 2 oz. of butter to a light brown, add a tablespoonful of curry powder, and half a spoonful of curry paste; mix all together with half a pint of good gravy or stock, put in the meat, and let it stew gently for half an hour. Stew the brains in water five minutes, chop them very fine, mixing with them a handful of breadcrumbs, a little chopped parsley, pepper, and salt; bind together with an egg, and make them into small round balls, egg and breadcrumb, and fry a pale brown. Serve the curry with the balls round, and boiled rice served separately.

Baked Tripe with Potatoes

Put 1 lb. of tripe, cut into neat squares, in a stew-pan with four sliced onions, a small teaspoonful of pepper, the same of salt and enough stock or water to cover it. Let it cook in the casserole in a slow oven for three hours, taking care to add gravy if it becomes dry. When the tripe is perfectly tender, strain away the gravy, remove all fat from it, and make it thick with a roux of butter and flour. Put the tripe and gravy back into the casserole, and cover with sliced potatoes and bake for ten minutes or longer, until the potatoes are brown on the top.

Bullock's Sweetbreads

Put two or more pounds of sweetbreads in lukewarm water for an hour, then boil them in fresh water for another hour, drain them well, and when cold bake them in a hot oven, basting them with the liquor which comes from them until they are nicely browned all over. This dish is very nice and most economical, as the sweetbreads should not be more than eightpence per pound. EMILIA

The Editor's Box

Some Patriotic Firms

Messrs. James Buchanan and Co., Ltd., the well-known Scotch whisky distillers, inform us they have decided to grant to the Territorials among their staff full pay to married men and half pay to single men, and to keep their places open for them during the time they are called up for active service.

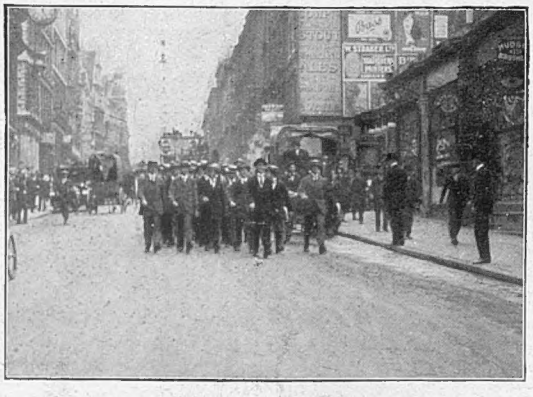
About a thousand employees of the Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd., have been called up for active service. During their absence the company will pay half wages to the families of all the married men, whose places will also be kept open for them.

The Vacuum Oil Company are paying half salaries to all members of their staff serving with the colours, Territorials, or Reserves, with a similar allowance to all who decide to join. Their positions will be kept open until their return from service.

The Oxo Company have notified the members of their various staffs throughout the country that full pay will be granted to all Territorials and reservists in their employ who are called to the colours. All positions will be kept open.

How to Retain Trade

We are asked to inform all patrons of Stephens' inks that Messrs. H. C. Stephens have cabled their customers abroad and have advised all shipping agents with whom they deal that they will replace free of cost any consignments of Stephens' Inks seized or destroyed by the enemy. As the buyer is thus indemnified against loss he will have every reason to continue to purchase from this country, thus enabling Messrs. Stephens to keep their hands employed and retain their trade. Many manufacturers might do this with advantage to their future trade and their country.



A Nestlé's War Contingent

In the above snapshot are shown sixty-eight members of the London office staff of Nestlé's marching to enlist in the Territorial Force

Red Cross Requisites

Messrs. Hurdles, Ltd., Letchworth, advise us that they are putting on the market at a very low rate many articles required for the publicly and privately equipped hospitals and convalescent homes for the sufferers in the war, such as carrying chairs, strong baskets, easy chairs, etc., thus meeting a national need, keeping workers going, and preventing further distress. Good examples of these articles are the "Service" Carrying Chair, a full-sized light strong basket chair at 16*s.* 6*d.*, and the "Serve-All" comfortable easy chair 6*s.* 6*d.* (with cushion 2*s.* extra). These articles can be forwarded to any address, carriage paid.

War Rations

The management of the Savoy Restaurant wishes us to announce that in order to meet the wish expressed by many of their customers for the service of a more simple dinner during the present situation, there will be served a special dinner in the main restaurant from 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. until further notice. The almost instant popularity of this war menu affords yet another evidence that the feeling in favour of cutting down superfluities is not only deep but widespread.

The Menu: Economical Cookery for the War Time *(continued)*

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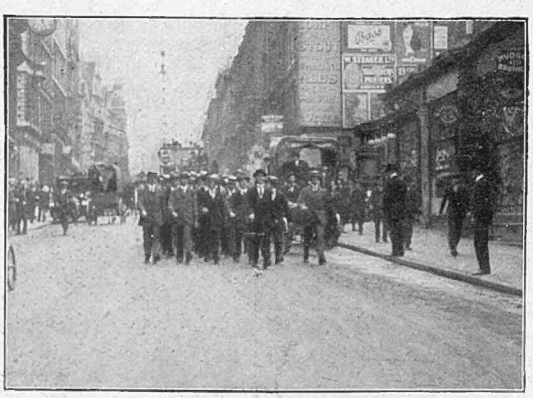

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